

WALDORF;

OR, THE

DANGERS OF PHILOSOPHY.



REPRODUCED FROM THE ORIGINAL

WALDORF;
OR, THE
Dangers of Philosophy.

A
PHILOSOPHICAL TALE.

BY
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AUTHOR OF *R*
"THE TRIFLES FROM HELICON."

VOLUME I.

"Vaulting Ambition! that o'erleaps itself,
"And falls on t'other side—"

corruption

"Virtue is arbitrary, nor admits debate—
"To doubt is Treason, in her rigid Court;
"But if you parley with the Foe, you're lost."

GEORGE LILLO.

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WALDORF;
OR, THE
DANGERS OF PHILOSOPHY.

CHAPTER I.

“ A calm serenity imperceptibly lightened the
“ weight which had before burdened him :
“ indescribable sensations expanded his soul,
“ while tears of agonizing rapture started to
“ his eyes.”

THE setting sun enriched the clouds
with its departing rays : the lowing
cattle—the pleasant purling rivulets—
the bark of the shepherd’s dog—and the
B drone

drone of humming insects—faintly disturbed the silence of a summer's eve, when a genteel youth, of fifteen, bent his solitary steps towards Vienna. His dress was airy, his bosom open, and his beautiful hair, in sportive ringlets, fell over his shoulders; his sparkling eyes, his charming dimples, and fine complexion, gave him an enchanting appearance. As he slowly pursued his way, he felt inspired with an agreeable languor, which dilated his heart with pleasure; he stopped to survey the surrounding landscape, and, turning back, gazed on the high hills, which, wrapt in grey mists, seemed retiring. A calm serenity imperceptibly lightened the weight which had before burdened him; indescribable sensations expanded his

his soul, while tears of agonizing rapture started in his eyes. As he proceeded, he beheld the sun's last ray gilding the cloud-topped mount of Calenberg, in whose cheerful vales below the silver Danube rolls its rapid streams. The spires, turrets, and churches of Vienna reared their majestic tops, and struck the eye of the traveller as he emerged from the verdant plains. Again he proceeded, when he was accosted by a man, dressed as a German Chasseur, saying, "Where are you going, my boy?"—"To Vienna," he replied.—"Let us go together, as I have the same place in view," rejoined the Chasseur. The youth consented, and they walked forward.

The injudicious display of a diamond repeater roused the dormant rapacity of his companion, and the youth, for a minute, suffered his inquisitorial gaze. Questions succeeded scrutiny. "What is your name?" "Ferville Waldorf." — "Whence came you?" "From a little village a few miles from Spires." — "Where are your parents?" "Alas, in heaven! at least the old couple who called me son." Here little Ferville Waldorf could not forbear a tear. The Chasseur continued to interrogate. "What will you do at Vienna?" "Alas, I must become a footboy!" — "Have you no money?" "Yes, I have twelve dollars." — "Is the repeater yours?" "Yes." — "Boy, you are rich!"

"rich!" Silence ensued. The silver moon now arose in full glory, and enriched the azure sky—a cloud of buzzing gnats hovered before them—not a breath of air was felt—the insects, with a drowsy hum, flew past them—and the solitary nightbird sent forth its doleful cry; whilst the waves of a small river, dashing against the shore, over which skimmed the pensive birds as they sought the dusky shade, served to increase the beauty of the scene.

Suddenly his companion, in a hoarse voice, exclaimed, "Stop! Your money and your repeater."

In vain Waldorf expostulated; all he gained was blows, which he strove to

return. The Chasseur then escaped with his prize. Waldorf now gave way to lamentations, when suddenly a Gentleman emerged from some trees, and approached Waldorf. "What afflicts you, my boy?" asked he, in a gentle voice. Waldorf poured out his sorrows. The Gentleman, with a cynical smile, exclaimed, "The heart of man is radically corrupt—barbarians, that prey on each other—canibals, devils, that glut themselves with the blood of their own species." He then led Waldorf to his house, embosomed in a thicket, and elegantly neat. Here he ordered a repast, whilst Waldorf informed him of his name, and that he knew not his parents; but that, since he had first remembered himself, Chalcot

and

and Maria Louvain had taken care of him, and treated him tenderly: reading and writing were the only things he had been taught; and, on their death, he had, by *their* relations, been driven from the house, and told to go and seek his fortune, with the repeated appellations of bastard and little rogue. Ere Maria had drawn her last breath, she called him to her bed-side, where, having put in his hands a purse, containing twelve dollars and a repeater, she expired with these words: “ Dear boy, never lose sight
 “ of virtue, and Heaven send the
 “ Duke may one day own you as
 “ his son !”

On the conclusion of this narrative, the Gentleman observed: “ You are

" certainly of noble extraction, but do
 " not let that make you ambitious.
 " Birth is a stalking horse, who, with
 " an absurd, ostentatious prerogative,
 " fringes on the patient populace—
 " Down vain distinction, equally the
 " delight and scare-crow of fools!"

" I," continued he, after a short
 pause, " am now near sixty. Here
 " have I been secluded. Many years
 " a neat habitation and two domestics
 " gratified my ambition. I will; if you
 " please, adopt you as my son, and
 " save you from the jaws of vice and
 " ruin—by lessons of virtue and mo-
 " rality."

Waldorf

Waldorf accepted the offer with rapture, and, with a smile of delight, flew to the extended arms of the Solitary.

CHAPTER II.

Misfortunes had rendered him misanthropical.”

ANTHONY HERMAN was the name of the Solitary. Misfortunes had rendered him misanthropical. Disgusted with the world, whose inmates were as unaccommodating as himself, he retired from it—his heart sick with spleen, and in behaviour, positive and overbearing. In Waldorf, he looked for that quiet, unassuming auditor, who should be
stunned

stunned with his eloquence—and hear, and approve his arguments, without starting a doubt, or pursuing a dispute. He soon discovered his mistake—the youth was stubborn in his simple theory ; and as his education continued, his fine abilities unfolded themselves, his ample intellect thirsted for knowledge, and his full mind seemed bursting with new ideas.

Herman cultivated the soil with attention, and did not forget to instil admirable precepts of morality ; for, erroneous as some of his notions were, his *heart* was really good—the finishing stroke was not long wanting to his education : an intercourse with the world was now the only thing necessary, yet

this was diametrically opposite to the inclinations of the Solitary. "Men," he would say, "are eager madmen! " They spend their lives in pursuit of a " shadow they can never grasp—their " heads are ever at war with their " hearts—they have invented luxuries " they know not how to enjoy—one " half are the slaves of the other, and " all the slaves of folly—despotism, " carnage, and knavery, ravage the " earth—the short-sighted pigmy man " fosters his own ruin, and runs to " destruction."

The brain of Waldorf was in a ferment. All these sage admonitions were in vain. He felt anxious to know their truth, though it was only as a spectator.

With

With the feelings of one who goes to view a fellow-creature on the rack, would Waldorf have gone. His request was evaded, and delay rendered him more urgent. He panted for fame and glory—and pourtrayed, to his mind's eye, the delusive picture of felicity. Hope pointed to the sunny prospect, gilt by the warm and sanguine beams of expectation. But the dispassionate Solitary, who had long passed the hey-day of youth—whose heavy blood moved slowly along, chilled by the fullen hand of age—whose enervated arteries beat no longer responsive to the voice of joy—whose once-springing heart was now bound in the cold chain of apathy—whose aching brain no longer burnt with enthusiasm, no longer scorched in
the

the fever of the senses, but trembled with stern ague of despotic reason—beheld, with the tear-dimmed eye of experience, the sadder scene,—a dreary prospect overcast with clouds. The Vices, through the gloom, were scarcely discernible, yet they wandered with giant strides—pale Experience pointed weeping to Horror and Despair—and Hope, chained to the earth, seemed for ever to have lost her fallacious smile.

Waldorf turned, incredulous, from the searching eye of the Recluse—and the Recluse turned away with a sigh.

CHAPTER

CHAPTER III.

“ No force of words shall any longer cause me
“ to stay.”

EIGHTEEN years had now matured the blush of manly beauty on the cheek of Waldorf. The sober voice of Herman cooled not his fevered brain—his inclinations hurled him along—he felt a painful vacuum at his heart, and his soul was sick of obscurity : his passions, like fiery steeds, broke from guidance ;
they

they blindly rush towards a precipice. No longer able to check their mad career, Reason shudders too late, and Death and Destruction point their ready darts.

Distracted with a multiplicity of ideas, a thousand rebellious passions battling in his breast, his giddy brain whirling round, his bustling thoughts crowding for an audience, the ardent Waldorf started suddenly from a reverie. It was on a calm evening, when the Solitary, by the dim light of a lamp, was solving a problem in Euclid,—“ Father,” exclaimed Waldorf, grasping his stubborn arm, “ my wavering resolution is now fixed, I swear to go ”—“ Go where ? ” interrupted the Solitary, rising and casting aside his book. “ No force of
 .. “ words

“ words shall any longer cause me to
 “ stay,” continued Waldorf. A smile
 of rage, contempt, and pity, relaxed
 the stiff muscles of Herman, as he pro-
 nounced the word “ ingratitude” with
 particular emphasis. An expressive
 pause ensued, till again interrupted by
 Herman, who, with a reproachful look,
 energetically said, “ What fate can *be* ex-
 “ pect, who rushes to destruction, in de-
 “ fiance—” he stopped, and then conti-
 nued in a low impressive voice, “ in defi-
 “ ance of the admonitions of reason and
 “ experience?” “ He shall rise to fame,”
 exclaimed Waldorf, with a vehemence
 that shook his frame. “ He shall sink
 “ to disgrace,” replied the Recluse, in
 a voice that cast a damp on the fervour
 of his soul.

CHAPTER

CHAPTER IV.

“ The springing tide of youthful blood flowed
 “ warmly through his veins.”

ON an early hour the next day, Waldorf found himself on the road to Vienna, with no other introduction to the world than a letter to Baron Litchstein, from the Solitary, a hundred dollars, a good address, and a handsome person. The springing tide of youthful blood flowed warmly through his veins, his eyes swam in a dream of delight, the hectic blush
 of

of joy dimpled on his cheek, and his very horse seemed to partake his rapture as it galloped through the funny roads.

At length he reached the busy metropolis : wonder and delight were at first equally predominant—an elegant assortment of equipages glittered before him—a crowd of dressed fops appeared within them—when the sight of several tattered wretches, mingling with the other splendid numbers, struck him with surprise ; these miserable objects addressed a few disregarded words to their exalted co-mates, but they were thrust aside with contempt. One, at last, approached Waldorf, and, with the utmost

most humility, requested a small sum to satisfy his wants.

Meagre famine stared in his face, and he was clothed in the most miserable manner. Waldorf, with a look of surprise, placed two dollars in his hand. The wonder of the unfortunate object, on the receipt of such a donation, seemed to equal that of his benefactor, when he received the following replies to his interrogations. "Who are you, friend?" "A beggar." "What term is that?" repeated Waldorf. "It means one who asks charity," was the reply. "How comes it that you have no money?" still questioned Waldorf. "Sickness and a cruel landlord deprived me of all," said the fellow, deeply

deeply sighing. "But every person is
 "subject to sickness, and landlords—
 "do all then become beggars?" rejoined
 Waldorf. "No, no, master;
 "they have all a great deal of money,
 "therefore they do not care for land-
 "lords or sickness."—"What! are one
 "half richer than the other?" "To
 "be sure, one half are beggars," said
 the man, with a malignant grin. "These
 "mysteries are inexplicable," exclaimed
 Waldorf, and set spurs to his horse.

CHAPTER

CHAPTER V.

“The strong cast of thought was legible in
“every line of his aspect.”

BARON LITCHSTEIN was a tall thin man, prominently featured with dark eyes; his complexion was pale and fallow, with an air of hypocrisy; a calm malicious sneer, with an appearance of deliberate tranquil villany, was spread over his countenance. His
fortune

fortune was much incumbered; but as his connexions were extensive, he contrived to live in elegance, his patrons (for a moderate consideration) having the command of his services on the most dishonourable occasions: yet so complete was his dissimulation, that he preserved his character in the eye of the world, though equal to the commission of the most atrocious actions. This was the character to whom the Solitary consigned the guidance of a self-willed inexperienced youth. He knew the Baron to be of consequence in the world; he thought of no other requisite. Whether he was radically corrupt, or firmly honest, he knew not; for he conceived Waldorf would soon return disgusted with sublunary pursuits, and it

was

was therefore useless to consider under whose patronage he went. Waldorf accordingly was introduced to Litchstein's family with much cordiality, the remainder of whom must not pass undescribed.

Lady Litchstein was handsomer than her daughter, though past the prime of life: she still possessed the bloom of beauty: her manners were elegant; but of her mind nothing was perceptible but self-love, and self-interest. Millrot, her daughter, was short, thin, and inelegant; mild eyes, and an interesting smile, rendered her countenance agreeable: she was weak, hypochondriacal, and conscientious; yet her manners were refined, her conversation pleasing, and

in

in some respects she was not deficient in sense. Such were the people among whom Waldorf was cast: all they said surprised him, and he at first felt confused; he soon, however, became familiarised, and engaged in his favorite pursuit of the belles-lettres and literature; he gasped for fame to crown his efforts, and success appeared almost certain. But while he gained glory, he found his purse diminish; the publication of his works did not answer; his bookseller defrauded him, and he found that paltry gold was not without value.

In this state of embarrassment, the conversation of Millrot afforded some relief; and though her weaknesses were

C

obvious,

obvious, he found her agreeable : her simple meed of praise was never withheld, when he read to her his works, with impassioned accents and speaking eyes. Amongst his numerous acquaintance, he distinguished one Hardi Lok, of muscular and athletic form, about thirty : his countenance was expression personified, and every feature bespoke the emphatic dignity of his intellect ; the strong cast of thought was legible in every line of his aspect ; his voice was insinuating, his manners graceful, and his eloquence convincing. But all these qualifications rendered him the more dangerous ; for, under the sanction of a philosopher, he promulgated the most dreadful tenets ; and *as a sceptic* of the

the most alarming kind, he was carefully avoided by those who laid claim to morality.

It was some time ere Waldorf could prevail on Lok to give him his friendship. The sceptic bade him fear his well-known principles, as they might disturb his peace, by raising doubts of atheistical tendency. Waldorf replied with a sneer, and the acquaintance commenced with the utmost ardency. Among other things, Waldorf requested his opinion on a production he meant speedily to publish; and, having covered the table with papers, Lok, drawing his candle nearer, sat down to read them with the air of a critic.

For some time he perused them with attention ; then, pushing them aside, he entered on general subjects. This conduct piqued Waldorf, who, at length, said : “ Your sentiments, on those papers, seem to be too precious for utterance, is it not so ? ” “ By no means,” was the reply, “ but to criticise requires infinite caution. I fear to offend.” — “ The essay is nonsense then,” replied Waldorf, hastily, “ I shall commit it to the flames.” “ Attend,” answered Lok, “ and do not be so rash.” He then pointed out whole sentences, which he proved palpable solecisms, egregious absurdities, and strange inconsistencies ; in short, Lok beat down all before him ; and while his remarks astonished, his eloquence

eloquence *convinced* the attentive Waldorf.—“ ’Tis more difficult than you
 “ imagine,” continued Lok, “ to
 “ write with elegance and precision :
 “ ’tis necessary to be perspicuous, ele-
 “ vated, yet easy, circumspect, illus-
 “ trative, and correct. *You* have run
 “ mad in search of metaphor, poetry,
 “ and tropes ; you have been studious
 “ to embellish, rather than convince ;
 “ and you have considered sound, ra-
 “ ther than solidity. You doubtless
 “ found your ideas flow with your ink ;
 “ for, in this production, you did not
 “ dive into your intellect, but only
 “ used the scum that floated on its
 “ surface : had you sought farther, you
 “ would have awakened myriads of
 “ ideas, that slumbered in the dormi-

" tory of your brain, in a chrysalis
 " state. You, however, want experi-
 " ence and judgement—Lend me the
 " pen." Lok then proceeded to ex-
 punge, alter, and correct, with an air
 of calmness and deliberation : he then
 read it aloud. Wonder and admira-
 tion seemed to seize Waldorf—the pen
 of Lok was magic—and the Essay, ten
 times better than before.

After having listened, with indiffer-
 ence, to the praise Waldorf lavished, he
 carelessly answered : " You call me a
 " prodigy, yet your intellect is far su-
 " perior to mine. Mine is a small
 " piece of ground, laid out judiciously,
 " and well cultivated. Yours is a large
 " piece, rich and fertile, but badly
 " cultivated,

"cultivated, since both weeds and
 "flowers spring up in it: time and
 "judgement will, no doubt, correct
 "its exuberancy." "I wish it may
 "prove so," replied Waldorf, and
 again cast his eyes over the altered
 Essay.

CHAPTER VI.

“ His penetration was lynx-eyed, and his
“ glance seemed to lay open to the soul.”

FROM this period Lok and Waldorf became inseparable, and from that time the misfortunes of the latter commenced. Waldorf, who was accustomed rashly to propagate novel subjects, had unconsciously prepared his mind for sceptical

tical tenets. Lok offered a new system of philosophy, which at once levelled sacred and political ties. Matrimonial opinions, and a belief of God, were reckoned absurdities, by this dangerous, infidel. Against the latter he would urge the most sophistical and puzzling objections: he would start a thousand inconsistencies and doubts, then decide all by tenets no less atheistical than incontrovertible; at least, so Waldorf conceived them.

Marriage, he would say, was invented from policy, *not* principle, to keep a degree of peace and order among the turbulent: like a bit in the mouth of a restive horse, it bridles violence—but discernment may dis-

pense with it. These arguments carried to the mind of Waldorf the clearest conviction, and he became, at once, the convert and victim of the insidious Lok. The consequence was, Waldorf became avoided, like his friend, and almost every one regarded him as an unprincipled fellow ; those who did not, pitied him as an unfortunate dupe. Among the latter was the Duke of S——, who appeared to compassionate the mistaken youth, and even gave him some advice on the subject, the purport of which was, to avoid Lok, as an atheistical villain : the advice was not honoured by a thought, till the solemn exhortations of another person disturbed his delirium.

Frederic

Frederic Zenna was the name of the person alluded to. He was near fifty; a ruddy complexion, expressive eyes, and an air of serenity, gave him a noble, though not a younger, appearance. He had been a great traveller, and had spent his life in pursuit of knowledge. His mind was enriched by science, and his intellect was so capacious, that the world bestowed on him the appellation of Magician. His penetration was lynx-eyed, and his glance seemed to lay open the soul. He was supposed to be versed in alchymy, magic, astrology, and every superior science; but, as his character struck every one with awe, and as he seemed to look down, as from an eminence, on the pigmies below, with contempt and

C. 6. disdain,

disdain, his company was avoided, and his misanthropy detested.

Having thus given a few traits of Zenna, it is necessary to state the commencement of his acquaintance with Waldorf, who, being continually with Lok, was soon known every where as the young man whom the atheist had ruined. Lok's character was universally known, and Waldorf was rendered almost as conspicuous, by being seen so frequently with him. Zenna was struck with this young man's appearance, and felt eager to draw him from the influence of Lok. The tide of public reproach ran high against the Philosopher, and the Magician resolved to use his eloquence with Waldorf, and represented

represented to him the madness of his conduct ; and, as the awe with which he struck every one, assisted his rhetoric, he arrested the attention of Waldorf the first time he found him taking a solitary walk.

CHAPTER

CHAPTER VII.

“ You will turn your eye inwards, and view
 “ the tempest of your mind.”

“ YOUNG man, spare me a moment's attention,” exclaimed Zenna, presenting himself to the astonished Waldorf. “ You *know* me, doubtless,” continued he, fixing his eager eye on the expressive countenance of Waldorf.

“ I have

"I have *seen* you certainly," he replied, correcting, with his mild eye, the stern glance of the Magician.

"Excuse my abruptness," said Zenna, "but I cannot compliment. No-thing but humanity prompts this conduct. I would snatch you from ruin, from hell, which now opens before you." He wildly grasped the arm of Waldorf; his roving eyes seemed to dart forth lightning, and his voice excited terror.

"Calm yourself, father," said Waldorf, incredulously smiling, "nor start at phantoms like those." "Nor start at phantoms like those!" echoed the Magician; "too late you will find them

“ them *giants*: remorse and ruin are
 “ no phantoms, nor hell. “ A legend!”
 interrupted Waldorf, “ and as such,
 “ father, you must regard it.”

“ This is no time for invective,” said
 the Magician, correcting the angry ex-
 pression of his countenance, “ I came
 “ to warn thee.”

“ I anticipate your intention—pro-
 “ ceed, father.” “ Well then,” began
 Zenna:” youth, I too well know, is
 “ the season of folly. ’Tis in age only
 “ we must look for wisdom: but this
 “ delirium of the soul will cease, this
 “ painted vision will disappear. What
 “ will the opinions of this Lok avail
 “ you on the bed of death? You will
 “ then

“ then see things as they are, stripped
 “ of romance ; you will turn your eye
 “ inwards, and view the tempest of
 “ your mind. These idle chimeras will
 “ vanish. Why then should this pedant
 “ sway your mind with his idle reason-
 “ ing ? Shall a few empty words of his
 “ cause you to abjure your God ; to
 “ trample on laws, human and divine ;
 “ to crush the links of society, and in-
 “ vert the order of nature ? Is honour,
 “ is virtue, a *prejudice* ? Is humanity a
 “ mere tradition ? Shall a pedant arro-
 “ gate to himself a right of *new* judging
 “ the universe ? Shall an individual
 “ *melt*, with his paltry arguments, laws
 “ politic, and conscientious, which,
 “ through ages, have illumed the earth ?
 “ Miserable vanity, wretched affec-
 “ tation !

"tation! What boasted theory could
 "be entitled to such pre-eminence?
 "What arrogant upstart is this, who,
 "with his earthquake of knowledge,
 "would dash the globe to atoms?"

He paused for breath. The soul of
 Waldorf was on his lips. His bright
 eyes flashed with anger, and seemed de-
 pressed by conviction; his features
 seemed to speak, and a glow of ver-
 meil animation flushed his countenance.
 "Father, this is rather scurrilous than
 "convincing," he rejoined. "We do
 "not wish to model the universe; we
 "only mean to live according to *our*
 "ideas of morality, *not* to intrude our
 "opinions on others." The silver
 voice of Waldorf thrilled to the soul
 of

of the Magician, it ran through his veins; it was the voice of harmony, dulcified by sensibility. He gazed on the youth. The almost *painful* animation of his countenance had given way to an expression fascinating and pathetic. "What a pity!" he exclaimed, striking his hands together with an air of anguish, and darted away.

Waldorf felt a strange emotion rising in his breast. "He is certainly mad," said he, in a low voice; and, leaning against a tree, he felt himself sinking into melancholy.

CHAPTER

CHAPTER VIII.

“ When you follow the dictates of your heart,
 “ without consulting your judgment, you re-
 “ semble a man who swallows poison with his
 “ eyes shut; you should not act according to
 “ impulse, but reason.”

A TRAIN of reflections gradually
 rose in the mind of Waldorf; his thoughts
 passed in solemn array, and, like spec-
 res, they appalled him; at that mo-
 ment

ment he felt dead to every pleasant sensation, and a damp vapour seemed to cloud his mind. Can then the eloquence of Lok be pedantry? Can his arguments be empty words? 'What! am I a fool, a dupe? In vain he strove to shake off these ideas: he felt a kind of dread steal over him—night had already cast a shade over the horizon—the trees shivered in the autumnal blast, and not a star twinkled above—he almost expected to see the magician emerge from every tree; he thought the sighing wind was his voice, and he strove in vain to cast aside his superstitious fears; he found no repose when he retired to his bed—the night was sleepless, for the touch of sleep will not blunt the thorns of

of conscience. In the morning he sought for amusement in one of the public walks; the first person he saw was Lok: the impulse of the moment was to avoid him, but in vain, the philosopher caught him by the arm. Waldorf disengaged himself; "I cannot be disturbed, my ideas have undergone an alteration—Good morning, Sir," said he, turning into another walk. With Waldorf to *think* and *act* was the same: his intentions were ever laudable; he at all times obeyed the impulses of his heart, which he thought could never mislead him; he never appealed to his reason, but listened to the opinions of others; his intellect seemed as a cypher—his heart was the spring of action—he did not
 seem

seem to remember he had reason; he appealed to others, and was swayed by each alternately. "Surely *this* was right," he repeated, as he bent his steps towards home, where he had not long been ere he received the following letter from Lok.

" WALDORF,

" WHEN you first sought my acquaintance, remember I was reserved,
 " for I know the folly and caprice of
 " man. You urged your friendship, and
 " I relaxed: you knew my principles,
 " I was not afraid of scrutiny; I
 " made no mystery of my opinions,
 " therefore was avoided; for the buz-
 " zing

“ zing whisper ran, “ That Hardi Lok
 “ was a dangerous fellow.” But why
 “ was I dangerous? My principles were
 “ founded on reason and conviction;
 “ but it was feared I should propagate
 “ my tenets. Miserable folly! If I
 “ convinced, my arguments *must* have
 “ been just; why then did men run
 “ from conviction? Why were they
 “ afraid of discarding their prejudices?
 “ Waldorf, I despise the inveteracy of
 “ mankind; but whence comes it that
 “ *you* forswear my society? Are you
 “ afraid that your weak morals will be
 “ corrupted? No, no; thou art not
 “ so foolish: could I think so, I should
 “ precipitate you twenty steps down
 “ the ladder of my good opinion.

“ Prithee

“ Prithee, friend, make not so rapid a
 “ descent, but let me see thee to-mor-
 “ row morning. Adieu.

Thine,

“ LOK.”

Where were now the resolutions of Waldorf? Gone, like a dream : he seized his hat, and ran to the lodgings of Lok : he found him at home, writing : on Waldorf's entrance he turned round, with a kind of sneer on his countenance, that seemed to say, “ What
 “ then, I have you again.” Waldorf gravely seated himself. Lok pushed aside his writing utensils. “ You are
 “ very weak, Waldorf,” said he, with an impressive accent, “ your disposi-
 Vol. I. D “ tion,

"tion, like pliable wax, retains no
 "fixed impression; the former conti-
 "nually yields to the latter. Before you
 "give up thus implicitly, reflect—You
 "have a *good* intellect; make use of
 "your own reason; consider the pro-
 "priety of your resolutions, and con-
 "sult your *judgment* rather than your
 "heart. When you follow the dic-
 "tates of your *heart*, *without* consult-
 "ing your *reason*, you resemble a man
 "who swallows poison with his eyes
 "shut; you should not act according
 "to impulse, but judgment."

During this speech, Waldorf sat in a
 thoughtful manner. "All this is very
 "true," he suddenly exclaimed, "I
 "am a fool, you will forgive me." I
 "will,"

"will," replied Lok, with a significant smile. "Then, from this moment," continued Waldorf, "our friendship is more firmly cemented." Lok looked incredulous—he knew the world.

CHAPTER IX.

“ His silver locks floated on his shoulders, his
 “ full eyes beamed with lustre, and an air of
 “ pity and disdain sat on his features.”

IN the evening, Waldorf by chance
 met the magician at the hotel. The
 appearance of a being he almost con-
 ceived to be supernatural, still strangely
 affected him; yet his aspect was not
 uncon-

unconciliating : he was wrapped up in a large mantle, which he threw off in silence ; his silver locks floated on his shoulders ; his full eyes beamed with lustre ; and an air of pity and disdain sat on his features.

“ After what I said last night,” he began, “ I can scarcely believe more
 “ necessary ; nevertheless, let the scene
 “ I am about to prepare for you
 “ strengthen your mind in morality,
 “ and show you in what manner you
 “ ought to regard the lessons and
 “ warnings of a man, whose power
 “ is not, perhaps, quite known to
 “ you.”

Waldorf strove to divert the painful gaze of the magician to some other object while he spoke, but in vain. He felt a kind of horror pervade his mind ; yet when the magician bade him follow to a private room, he *obeyed* in a kind of despair. Zenna then locked the door, and extinguished the lights : he then prepared, in silence, a long mysterious apparatus : this done, he desired Waldorf to swallow a small portion of a liquor which he offered him—Waldorf did as he was desired, in mute silence—instantly a stupor overcame him—he felt as if falling from a high rock into the sea—he strove to save himself in vain—he thought he fell, and as he splashed into the water, he heard the angry waves dash around him—

him—insensibility succeeded, and he sunk on the sofa—dissolved in a kind of trance, he breathed short, and beheld the following visionary scene.

A troop of grisly spectres rose from the ground; at first they seemed to glide at a remote distance, and they bore lamps in their emaciated hands, which were closely held to their faces, of deadly paleness—their eyes were shrunk, and a livid hue sat on their features.

Dimly they passed in slow succession, and the ghastly troops thickened as they advanced; then, from among them, appeared an hovering shade upon a horse, which resembled a condensed vapour; the spectres surrounded this last vision

in a circle ; it seemed emaciated ; and as it turned its face, the features appeared wan and mangled, and they wore the resemblance of Lok—drops of heavy blood stood hesitating on his cheek, and his eyeless sockets were filled with blood. The agitated Waldorf shuddered during his lethargy, to which ensued a long convulsive shiver—he groaned aloud, and his limbs writhed with agony.

The spectres flitted round the shade of Lok ; they moaned aloud, and seemed to menace him, whilst he, with an haughty air, spurred his visionary courser through the hovering shades—they darted their wan hands towards him—they impeded his way with frantic gestures, and,

at

at length dragged him from his horse; they trod him under foot, then drawing him up, they twined their fingers in his gory locks; his extended mouth streamed with crimson blood; it poured along the ground—they advanced, dragging along with them his mangled body.

Waldorf writhed convulsively: the spectres had almost reached him—the lanterns they held gleamed horribly on their dreadful features, and they menaced Waldorf with angry gestures.

Waldorf again shuddered: his teeth chattered, his hair stiffened, fear bleached his cheeks; he rolled convulsively; he strove to shrink back, and he endeavoured to articulate some imperfect

words, but they only rattled in his throat—he moaned piteously; but at last, his struggling voice acquired force, and, with a loud and bitter shriek, he exclaimed, “ Oh save me, save me,” and then, springing from the sofa, he started up and waked.

CHAPTER X.

“ Agonizing emotions gathered round his heart,
“ he could have wept.”

HE rubbed his eyes, and gazed wildly round the room; he seemed endeavouring to rally his spirits, and call home his bewildered thoughts. In the interim, Zenna returned his magical apparatus

D 6

to

to his pocket, and re-lighted the candles. "Where am I?" asked Waldorf, "At the hotel—here take this "wine." Waldorf received the glass mechanically, and drank it: the magician then took the glass from his trembling hand, and Waldorf, sighing deeply, as if to ease his oppressed heart, struck his hand to his forehead, and reclined against the wall. Numberless unconnected thoughts whirled through his brain; his look was expressive of wild horror; he trembled violently; his pulse throbbed, and his heavy breath was disturbed by convulsive catchings.

Had Zenna contented himself by de-
claiming against Lok, instead of pre-
sented

senting him with this magical delusion, his solemn adjuration would have lost its force; but this dreadful vision impressed his mind with horror; and as he recollected the power of the magician, he felt a kind of terror withhold him from disobeying his exhortation with respect to Lok.

He continued leaning against the wall, his arms folded, and his eyes fixed; at length, wildly clasping his hands, he exclaimed, "Oh Zenna, let me go." Instantly the magician unlocked the door, then leaving him in the street, he pressed his hand and darted forwards. Waldorf strove to raise his spirits, and shake the stupifying weight from his brain—

brain—violent emotions gathered round his heart—he could have wept, but he checked his agony; and, though his trembling limbs could scarce support him, at length he staggered home.

CHAPTER

CHAPTER XI.

“ Like a slender reed, he was depressed by one
 “ wind, and raised by another ; the sport of
 “ jarring elements, the child of circumstance,
 “ and the slave of predicament.”

THE chearful rays of morning did not lessen the terrors of Waldorf; the dreadful vision still haunted his mind; and he attempted, in vain, to shake off a superstitious dread that hung over him—

him—a soft melancholy stole upon him—he became depressed and unhappy; and, fearful of meeting Lok, he never stirred out, lest, *should he* have seen him, the infringement of the magician's advice should have ensued, and occasion another display of power, equally terrific with the last.

Thus circumstanced, his mind naturally reverted to the justice of Zenna's requisition concerning Lok. “Certainly” thought Waldorf, “he is a dangerous sceptic—the opinion of so great a man as Zenna cannot be erroneous; he must be culpable, and yet I must love him; his manners, his intellect”—Thus would Waldorf reflect, and strive to wean his affections from

from Lok—he no *longer* thought of the words with which he had parted with Lok the *last* time he had seen him—

“ Then from this moment our friend-
 “ ship is more firmly cemented,” was
 a resolution that melted away, when the words of the magician recurred—“ Let
 “ the scene I am about to prepare for
 “ you strengthen your mind in mo-
 “ rality, and show you in what manner
 “ you ought to regard the lessons and
 “ warnings of a man, whose power is
 “ not, perhaps, quite known to you.”

The weak, irresolute Waldorf, swayed
 by *each* alternately, the slave of others,
 a child in the hands of its masters, was
 moulded by rotation, and governed by
 every opinion except his own, like a
 slender reed, depressed by one wind,
 and

and raised by another ; the sport of jarring elements, the child of circumstance, and the slave of predicament.

The conversation of Millroh could not lighten his bosom—his mind was a chaos, and, in a few days, a visible alteration took place in him—a fallow paleness tinged his complexion ; his features were faddened, and his piercing eyes were at once expressive of anguish and horror, though the sallies of Millroh *sometimes* relaxed his agitated muscles with a smile painfully fascinating.

The advice of the faculty at last changed his sedentary mode of living, and he ventured a short walk, two or three times, without meeting any one ;

the

the fourth time, as he was hastily pacing through a lonely avenue, he descried Lok at a distance.—A sudden impulse bade him stay—the presence of Lok seemed a preservative from danger—at the sight of him his fears vanished, and, with him by his side, he could have faced Zenna and all his spectres.

Lok advanced, and Waldorf, with a sudden spring, darted towards him, and cast himself on his bosom—a burst of tears relieved his labouring soul, and his emaciated countenance crimsoned with emotion. Lok participated his agitation, whilst his enquiring eye seemed to ask an explanation. Waldorf at length resumed some degree of composure:

“ Oh Lok ! I am wild—I have injured
 “ you,

“ you, but Zenna has destroyed me.”
 His voice seemed to run on without
 regulation ; as he spoke this, he struck
 his fevered hand against his forehead,
 and shook with emotion—“ Yes,” he
 continued, “ Zenna has destroyed me.”
 His voice seemed to acquire too much
 latitude, he could not check it, but
 repeated his words several times. “ I
 “ fear I frighten you,” said Waldorf,
 “ but I think all is not right here,”
 pointing to his forehead—“ those ma-
 “ gicians are strange beings—we laugh
 “ at their power till we feel it—this
 “ Zenna, for example—” he stopped
 short, and smiled faintly before he con-
 cluded ; his ideas seemed to fail him ;
 and he bent a cane to and fro, which
 he held in his hand, at the same time
 fixing

fixing his eyes on the ground. After a pause, he proceeded, " This Zenna " is powerful, but a pistol will help " the victim to his grave—No magic " in the tomb ; no, certainly—but I am " forgetful—Lok, I am not well ; to- " morrow you shall hear all ; come, lead " me home—But these magicians—" Again he stopped, and Lok, with concern and wonder, supported the fainting youth to his home.

CHAPTER

CHAPTER XII.

“Reason is never erroneous, but false sentiment
 “may be your destruction.”

REPOSE, and the conversation of Lok, at length restored Waldorf to his original tranquillity; his heart was of an absorbent quality, and the magician was remembered no longer with horror :
 the

the effect ceased with the cause; and the following remarks of his friend completed the apostacy of Waldorf.

“ It appears strange to me that you
 “ suffer yourself to be played on in
 “ this manner; twice has Zenna de-
 “ luded you. His affected solemnity,
 “ and pretended magic, shake your best
 “ resolutions. You ought to know,
 “ that no *supernatural* effects can arise
 “ from *natural* causes. You tell me
 “ of a dreadful vision; but who
 “ could not raise one equally horrid,
 “ with the assistance of phosphorus,
 “ stupifying drugs, and certain chymi-
 “ cal preparations, combined with mys-
 “ terious words, and a ridiculous pa-
 “ raphernalia, intended to inspire awe?
 “ This fellow’s assumed knowledge
 “ may

“ may pass current with the vulgar ;
 “ and a few superficial sciences, with
 “ some cunning, may excite *awe* in
 “ the world : his dictatorial manners,
 “ and solemn deportment, pass him off
 “ for a divine. The world is fond of
 “ the marvellous, they chuckle at the
 “ idea of magic, and *resolve* to make
 “ him supernatural. I do not believe
 “ half their rumours ; but, it is proba-
 “ ble, he has sinister intentions with
 “ regard to you, and therefore, by his
 “ magical delusions, he may mean to
 “ reduce you to a proper awe, that
 “ you may neither suspect his proceed-
 “ ings or question their integrity. To
 “ this end it is necessary to dissolve
 “ *our* acquaintance, that *I* may not
 “ guard you against his machinations—
 “ luckily,

“ luckily, I have penetration. Ger-
 “ many swarms with these impostors ;
 “ they have a thousand ways to deceive
 “ and circumvent; and, as they some-
 “ times prove dangerous foes, I think
 “ you had better not come to an open
 “ quarrel with him : it is, therefore,
 “ my advice, to keep a luke-warm
 “ acquaintance with him.

“ But pray, Waldorf, conquer this
 “ weakness of your disposition ; resolu-
 “ tion is the *nerve* of the mind ; it is
 “ the want of *that* which renders your
 “ actions mean and imbecile : you want
 “ that spring of the soul to strengthen
 “ you in proper opinions : your mind
 “ is too relaxed : without health, your
 “ body is nerveless ; your mind is, in
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“ the same manner, useless, when de-
 “ void of a trait so eminently necessary.

“ You yield implicitly, and seem
 “ resolved to try the justice of *all*
 “ opinions except your own. You
 “ should appeal to your own *reason* for
 “ approbation ; the *heart* is but secon-
 “ dary, and ought to be in a state of
 “ subordination. Your judgment can
 “ never be wrong. Reason is never
 “ erroneous, but *false* sentiment may
 “ be your destruction. You are influ-
 “ enced by a set of chimerical notions
 “ of probity and honour ; but this is
 “ the effect of romance ; you will soon
 “ discriminate *better*, and think dif-
 “ ferently.”

CHAPTER

CHAPTER XIII.

“ When your notions are properly considered,
 “ by the solid light of reason, they will
 “ resemble glow-worms, whose false glare
 “ disappears beneath the rays of the sun,
 “ and shows them as they really are—paltry
 “ insects, which can only glitter in dark-
 “ ness.”

“ YOU carry your notions too far ;
 “ excesses are dangerous, and it is easy
 “ to *degenerate*. The *extreme* of pain
 E 2 “ approaches

“ approaches pleasure, and the extreme
 “ of pleasure is bounded by pain ; for
 “ certainly the height of joy borders
 “ on agony ; the soul is sick with the
 “ intenseness of its feelings, and vainly
 “ seeks for vent, till, overpowered by
 “ its aching sensations, it sinks into
 “ anguish.

“ *Virtue* and *vice* are equally analo-
 “ gous ; the *excess* of virtue is virtue no
 “ longer, but, degenerating into super-
 “ stition, prejudice, and austerity, be-
 “ comes *vice* : thus *extremes* border on
 “ *opposites* ; it resembles the *summit* of
 “ a hill, where we can go no fur-
 “ ther without descending the other
 “ side.

“ The

“ The climax of vice is bounded
 “ also; and if you attempt, when at
 “ its summit, to go down another
 “ path, it will lead to reformation
 “ and virtue.

“ The barrier between vice and
 “ virtue is, therefore, nearly imper-
 “ ceptible, and the excess, to which
 “ all your notions are carried, may
 “ sometimes cause you to stray from
 “ the *acme* of virtue to the road of
 “ vice. Banish, then, this romance, and
 “ trust to me. Make use of your own
 “ arguments against me if you choose,
 “ but not those of others. Let your
 “ own reason be your guide, and by
 “ that regulate your feelings. Let rea-

“ son be the touchstone of merit, and
 “ let it firmly direct you to truth and
 “ integrity ; this flash of sentiment will
 “ then disappear, this lightning of ro-
 “ mance will be harmless, your ideas
 “ will be just, and, when your notions
 “ are properly considered, by the solid
 “ voice of reason, they will resemble
 “ glow-worms, whose false glare dis-
 “ appears beneath the rays of the sun,
 “ and shows them as they really are.

“ But, Waldorf, I am tedious.”

“ By no means,” was the reply.
 “ Conviction is the consequent result
 “ of your observations ; for the future
 “ you shall not have to reprehend this
 “ ductility.

“ ductility. I will be more resolute,
“ and will no longer be the victim of
“ that impostor Zenna.”

Lok smiled at the vehemence of Waldorf—it was the sour smile of a cynic.

“ I confess my *late* irresolution, and
“ similar promises, unluckily forfeited,
“ scarcely *entitle* me to belief,” conti-
nued Waldorf, with an air of pique.

Lok sneered farcastically.

“ I know my folly ; but hencefor-
 “ ward, our friendship shall——” he
 stopped and blushed—his former pro-
 mise.

mise, of similar import, occurred to his mind—and Lok, at the same time, smiled with stoical apathy—he seemed to define the sensations of Waldorf.

CHAPTER

CHAPTER XIV.

“ I am neither a fool nor a misanthrope, yet will
 “ I never sacrifice my feelings at the shrine of
 “ custom ; the world are my associates, but
 “ not my despots.”

THE Duke of S——, among many
 other of the *literati*, evidently patronised
 the attempts of Waldorf. He several
 times endeavoured to destroy the inti-
 macy which subsisted between him and

Lok : but though he was unsuccessful, he did not, with many others, withdraw his friendship on that account; and this was the more singular, as the Duke was known to be a rigid Catholic—stern, austere, bigotted, and revengeful; yet he treated Waldorf with affability, and introduced him to his family.

The Duke was tall and majestic; his countenance was thoughtful, and his eyes expressive; he affected to despise all sublunary enjoyment, and continually ridiculed and burlesqued the character and pursuits of man; he affected to despise pomp and riches, yet gold was his idol. Pomp, his darling theme; men, his closest intimates; sublunary enjoyment, his favourite pursuit; and
 flattery,

flattery, balm to his vanity. This affectation of sentiment originated from a wish to appear singular, peculiar in ideas, a close reasoner, a deep thinker, and a man of towering intellect.

The whole family were enveloped in the rankest Catholicism, and were proverbial for bigotry and superstition. The Duchess was haughty, majestic, and vain; she was in the winter of life, but still handsome; her daughters were young and accomplished; and her two sons, fine young men, if possible, still more bigoted than the Duke.

It was in this family Waldorf was introduced; but though the Duchess checked her *hauteur* as much as possible,

her conduct disgusted Waldorf, and he found himself treated as an inferior by all but the Duke, and his youngest daughter Lady Sophia. Frederic Count Zin, the eldest son, seemed eager to find out some forcible way of expressing his contempt, and Victor Count Gra-venitz equally participated his brother's envy and inveteracy.

The Duke was still lavish of his advice to Waldorf, which, though it never convinced, was respected. It was at this time that the growing fame of Waldorf, and his pleasing prospects, occasioned him both envy and admiration; his vivid imagination, sublime ideas, and elegant manners, were every where allowed, though envy, and the pique which

which his friendship for Lok excited,
 sometimes suppressed the approbation he
 so justly merited. " Though *I* am
 " willing to give you credit for a good
 " heart," the Duke would sometimes
 say to Waldorf, " the world will not—
 " appearances are against you, and you
 " do not know the force of that opinion.
 " Character is all in the eye of the
 " world; those who forfeit it are ra-
 " ther *endured* than *tolerated*; however
 " rank or riches may gild the defect,
 " contempt and scorn must be their
 " portion; their closest intimates will
 " join against them; and those who
 " partake of their prosperity, will be
 " ashamed to be seen with them. Con-
 " sider, young man, the value of this
 " treasure, and do not squander it away.

" A con-

" A consciousness of rectitude is all
 " I *wish* to preserve," Waldorf would
 reply : " character is, intrinsically, of *no*
 " value, estimated in the eye of the
 " world. 'Tis true, to *keep it*, is
 " giving in to a custom, but the *loss*
 " of it argues no dereliction of *prin-*
 " *ciple*."—" The world," rejoined the
 Duke, " judge from appearance ; con-
 " tempt of its opinions would be folly
 " and desperation, unworthy of its in-
 " mates, and only to be excused in a
 " highwayman or murderer : those who
 " associate with it, *must* conform to its
 " precepts."

" I am neither a fool nor a misan-
 " thrope," added Waldorf, " and yet
 " will I never sacrifice my feelings at the
 " shrine

“ shrine of custom ; the world are my
 “ associates, but not my despots. I
 “ follow their customs, when they
 “ do not militate against my heart or
 “ judgment ; but I will be no auto-
 “ maton, agitated by springs to act by
 “ the directions of others.”

CHAPTER XV.

“ To countenance vice, is to participate in it.”

“ **GOOD** father, teach me alchymy,” said Waldorf one day to Zenna, whom he accidentally met. Waldorf and Zenna were now on friendly terms ; the awe, which he had at first felt, had now worn off, and a pleasing familiarity was substituted. Zenna still offered his advice, and used his eloquence, but trusted to time for its success.

“ Perhaps,”

“ Perhaps,” Zenna replied, in a
 thoughtful accent, “ you do not know
 “ the danger of such a request, *were*
 “ I even able to grant it—in the first
 “ place, your own sense will show you
 “ the falsity and folly of such a report—
 “ I *am* no alchymist: but, were you
 “ able to form a metal so truly fatal,
 “ are you ignorant of the danger that
 “ attends it, of spies, robberies, and
 “ invasions—of the fears that would
 “ devour you, and the avarice it might
 “ raise in you. You may smile, young
 “ man, but gold stimulates to every
 “ thing. Man has hastened his own
 “ destruction, by stamping it with
 “ value; though it is, in reality, not
 “ superior to lead or iron. Mistaken
 “ fools! they have given power to the
 “ very

“ very thing that rises against them—
 “ and millions, every day, expiate with
 “ *death* those crimes which it urged to
 “ perpetuate.

—“ Yes, it is gold, insatiate gold,
 “ that overruns the earth with vice.
 “ Misery follows, with a train of mis-
 “ fortunes, and mows down her repen-
 “ tant victims. Cursed be gold!”
 ejaculated the magician, vehemently,
 “ the scourge of man, and the parent
 “ of guilt and woe! Yet still do short-
 “ sighted mortals cherish their destruc-
 “ tion, and *prepare* the poison they
 “ swallow. They foster their bane, and
 “ give value to it—like *ideots*, they
 “ estimate a nettle which *stings* them.
 “ It is incapable of constituting felicity;
 “ it

“ it is no balm to a sick mind ; it can-
 “ not heal the wounds of honour ; but
 “ it may cause you remorse, grief, and
 “ pain—and, like a comet, its very
 “ *glare* betokens the ruin of nations.

“ We must not, then,” continued
 Zenna, artfully turning the conversa-
 tion to another topic, “ we must not
 “ then *expect* to find happiness in so
 “ futile and chimerical a pursuit, but
 “ rather to seek for it in the felicity
 “ arising from our obedience to the
 “ will of our Creator. To gain this
 “ point, we ought to associate with
 “ none *but* the pious, nor should we
 “ listen to any opinions but such as
 “ strengthen, not *weaken*, our attach-
 “ ment

“ ment to morality. Discourses of a
 “ contrary tendency render us *familiar*
 “ with vice, and infringe on the respect
 “ we owe to virtue. Vice, at first,
 “ strikes us with horror; but, if we
 “ render it familiar to our view, our
 “ horror naturally lessens—those who
 “ accustom themselves to think on
 “ death, fear it no longer; and the
 “ *continual* view of a dreadful vision
 “ affects us little—to countenance vice,
 “ is to participate in it.”

“ I know what you refer to,” interrupted Waldorf, “ but *your* notions
 “ and *mine*, of virtue and vice, are
 “ diametrically opposite.”

“ True,”

“ True,” exclaimed Zenna, “ *mine*
“ cements the bond of society, and
“ *yours* strikes at its root.”

“ Father,” replied Waldorf, with
equal vehemence, “ *you* are *mised* by
“ zeal—I am no blind fanatic or mad
“ innovator.”

“ No, son,” interrupted the magi-
cian, “ but you are an eager enthusiast,
“ trampling on the laws, human and
“ divine, to realize idle visions, which
“ impartially viewed, would raise
“ laughter in a stoic. Do you not
“ strive to *convert* all your associates?
“ Are you not more intent on making
“ *atheists* than *friends*? More intent
“ on extirpating matrimonial ties, than
“ vice

“ vice or knavery? Are you not in-
 “ tent on condensing into a solid system
 “ the irregular vapours of these air-
 “ blown delusions? And can you *really*
 “ expect to preserve these *bubbles* of the
 “ imagination? My understanding,
 “ and my feelings, revolt at this hetero-
 “ geneous mixture of absurd ideas, this
 “ romantic fervor—this idle enthu-
 “ siasm! Nothing can excuse this mad
 “ furor—not even the impetuosity
 “ of youth can palliate it, for dan-
 “ ger attends the pursuit. You may
 “ raise a mist of doubt and error, and
 “ plunge your auditors in a gulph of
 “ grief and remorse. What anguish
 “ will you *then* feel? Your misguided
 “ intellect is a dagger in the hands of a
 “ madman; and when your brain casts
 “ off

“ off this lethargy—when your con-
 “ science emerges from captivity,
 “ the veil will fall from your eyes—
 “ this painted vision of folly and ro-
 “ mance will vanish, and heaps of mur-
 “ dered wretches blast your view—this
 “ enthusiasm will evaporate, but con-
 “ science will acquire power, and dart
 “ its barbed arrows into your soul.
 “ When *this* happens, think of Zen-
 “ *na* !” Here he paused. His eyes
 sparkled with energy — his bosom
 heaved, and, springing from his seat,
 he gazed on Waldorf awhile—his arms
 folded—then, raising his eyes to heaven,
 he sighed gently, and turned from the
 agitated youth—then, pausing again,
 he added, in a low voice, “ Think of
 “ Zenna !” and departed.

Waldorf

Waldorf echoed the sigh, and, crossing his hands on his breast, he reclined his head in a mournful manner. The words of the magician still vibrated in his ears—he thought of Lok, and then of Zenna. A soft melancholy stole over him—again he wavered, till, *ashamed* of his irresolution. “Fool that I am!” said he, in a low voice—and, at the moment, he felt a starting tear steal down his cheek.

CHAPTER

CHAPTER XVI.

“ Keep your sensibility a *slave* to your reason ;
 “ if you continue *thus*, you are a lunatic, and
 “ a *mad* house your best asylum : the man
 “ that tramples on reason, and is hurried
 “ away by his feelings, is mad.”

DISSOLVED in a melancholy reverie, he heard not the step of Lok.

“ You may raise a mist of doubt and
 “ error, and plunge your auditors in

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“ a gulph

“ a gulph of grief and remorse,” at length suddenly ejaculated Waldorf—at the same time, raising his sparkling eyes, he beheld Lok eagerly gazing on him—

“ Zenna has been with you?” exclaimed Lok, in a tone doubtfully certain. “ He

“ has,” was Waldorf’s reply.—“ And

“ he has left you in a state of doubt

“ and perturbation?” rejoined Lok—

“ He has,” repeated Waldorf hastily.

“ Foolish, *blind* fanatic,” exclaimed

Lok, vehemently ; “ he endeavours to

“ *laugh* you out of reason ; he would *ridi-*

“ *cule* you out of your opinions ; make a

“ jest of your feelings ; and call them mad,

“ romantic, and absurd : he *burlesques*

“ the sensibility he cannot feel, and

“ derides the sentiment for which his

“ harsh perceptions disqualify him ; he

“ can

“ can *laugh* you into shame ; or, by
 “ affected solemnity, change the light-
 “ nefs of your heart into grief, or cast
 “ a damp on your gayest moments.”
 “ He does, *indeed*, affect my spirits,”
 replied Waldorf, with a heavy sigh,
 that seemed to throw a burden from his
 heart.

“ Yet so it will be for ever,” con-
 tinued Lok, “ since you give *way* to
 “ his monkish chimeras—he has *now* a
 “ hold on your heart, and will use his
 “ power to the utmost : turn again—
 “ boldly dispute with him ; laugh at
 “ his arguments ; combat him down
 “ with rhetoric ; and *then* leave him to
 “ his reflexions—Nor waver thus child-
 “ ishly, like Mahomet’s tomb at Mecca,

“ trembling between the magnetic force
 “ of rival loadstones.” “ I am the
 “ butt of your arrows,” interrupted
 Waldorf dejectedly : “ You and Zenna
 “ have singled me out to play off your
 “ rhetoric ; *I* remain like a tool or
 “ machine—between you both, my
 “ spirits are damped, and my bosom
 “ burthened with pain and melancholy.”

Here Waldorf paused ; the frown of
 thought contracted his brow ; an air of
 resentment, painfully furious, sat on his
 features, and an expression of sorrow
 and contempt saddened his counte-
 nance.

“ I can define your sensations,” said
 Lok ; “ you think yourself the jest of
 “ *both* :—no, my friend, it is not so—
 “ but

“ but you deceive yourself ; you have
 “ too *much* sensibility, and are the dupe
 “ of false sentiments : you wrong me
 “ Waldorf ; these workings of pride
 “ are the ferment of the heart, and will
 “ soon subside. I know you are vulne-
 “ rable *only* when your feelings are *played*
 “ upon ; your sensibility is a *traitor*
 “ that murders your peace ; your reason
 “ then is *suborned*, and your judgment
 “ is duped by your feelings : these false
 “ sentiments are serpents within you,
 “ that prey on your peace and under-
 “ standing ; they twine round your
 “ heart, and infuse their poison ; they
 “ conspire against your reason, and will
 “ at last *destroy* you.”

A cloud of horror rose on the countenance of Waldorf, and he fixed his wild expressive eyes on the speaking countenance of Lok. "Tear then these
 " monsters from your heart," continued Lok; "squeeze their poison from your
 " heart-strings, and keep your sensibi-
 " lily a *slave* to your reason; if you
 " continue *thus*, you are a lunatic, and
 " a *mad* house your best asylum: the
 " man that tramples on reason, and is
 " hurried away by his feelings, is mad." Here Waldorf sighed convulsively, his eyes rolled, and he shook with emotion.

"Yet Waldorf," pursued Lok, "is
 " no where vulnerable but in sensibi-
 " lity—there he *indeed* lies open to
 " the

“ the most dreadful attacks ; and those
 “ who can play on his feelings, may
 “ torture him like a child ; but *I*, who
 “ scorn deceit, would set you on your
 “ *guard*, and engage your understand-
 “ ing in your *defence* : appeal to *that*,
 “ and *triumph* over your foes.”

As Lok concluded, the stern gloom of Waldorf gave way ; a fullen smile shot across his features, and he sprung into the arms of the philosopher.

CHAPTER XVII.

“ The veil of superstition and bigotry was now
“ snatched away ; a field of pleasure burst on
“ her sight ; new ideas shot across her mind ;
“ myriads of thoughts awakened.”

HELENA STERNHEIM was in
the humble state of a dependant on the
Duke's family. Her family was tolerably good, but her poverty caused her
to

to be considered as a menial—and her beauty excited envy. The Duke's family treated her with contempt and haughtiness; yet all the mortifications she suffered could not extinguish the flame of ambition that, with insatiate fury, burnt in her blood: her restless and impetuous spirit could ill brook the four curb of opposition and restraint, and the overbearing spirit of her superiors; who, presuming on the fortuitous advantages of rank and fortune, treated her with decisive austerity and conscious authority. Her countenance had an air of thought; her eyes were expressive, and her smile fascinating. Her figure was interesting—her voice spoke to the heart—her gestures were energetic—and when she was affected, her eyes trem-

bled with tears, and the blush of emotion appeared visible on her features.

She was the child of nature, and the soul of sensibility. Sentiment shone in her words, and enthusiasm moulded her ideas. Like Waldorf, her heart enslaved her reason, and the impulse of the moment brought with it an age of pain. To follow the dictates of the heart for the *present*, she would have given up the peace of the *future*. Thus was Helena the victim of susceptibility, when the sight of Waldorf caused new emotions in her bosom; and, on the other hand, Waldorf, like the passive needle, attracted by the powerful magnet, felt himself insensibly drawn on to *love*. Few opportunities offered for explanations;

planations; the attachment of Helena, therefore, operated alone in her bosom, till Waldorf, by the assistance of a letter, left his image engraved on her heart. A correspondence ensued, in which Waldorf freely expressed his opinions on sacred and matrimonial subjects, undoubtedly with a view to show her that marriage was a restraint, only submitted to by vulgar minds. Helena was a machine, which, once put in motion, was capable of great and extraordinary evolutions. Her mind was as yet unimpressed; and this new doctrine, supported by all the powers of eloquence, found a new convert in Helena. The roses of pleasure seemed *here* stripped of its thorns—love had no longer any restraint—religion no longer any power—

to Helena this theory was enchanting ; religion had always been made a horror and a scourge—the Duke had long bound her in its trammels ; but this veil of superstition and bigotry was now snatched away—a new field of pleasure burst on her sight—new ideas shot across her mind—myriads of thoughts awakened—she saw every barrier to pleasure removed—her mind rioted in the idea—nor did she recollect the imperceptible gradations to vice, *now every* obstacle to it was removed ; on the contrary, she looked forward with transport, to the first opportunity for escape from the Duke's family, where she was closely kept. Waldorf, on the other hand, enraptured

tured with his success, made every possible preparation for such an event.

The following sentiment, in one of his letters, puts the finishing hand to Helena's conversion.

“ Love disdains compulsion, but,
 “ free as air, like the familiar red-breast,
 “ it nestles in your bosom, till frightened from your embraces, on the
 “ the hostile appearance of bonds and
 “ slavery.”

CHAPTER

CHAPTER XVIII.

“ I *found* my son, but I *found* him, a—*villain*.”

THE new pursuit in which Waldorf was engaged, occasioned him to forget Zenna, or when he remembered, to avoid him. One day, however, he unavoidably met him in one of the public walks—“ You wish to shun me,” said
he

he mildly, " but I have something im-
 " portant to tell you." " Pray then
 " be quick," answered Waldorf haf-
 tily. " Be not impatient *my son*—it
 " is not *advice* I am going to offer,
 " that, I *see*, is in vain. Lok, like the
 " rattle-snake, has fascinated you ; and
 " though your danger is obvious, you
 " cannot withdraw yourself from the
 " magical vortex. The knowledge I
 " possess in natural magic, and the
 " sciences, was used to facilitate your
 " reformation—where the modest voice
 " of truth and reason failed, I would
 " have *frightened* you into virtue, but
 " *here* I was also unsuccessful—and I
 " saw, and still see you, verge to the
 " climax of guilt and destruction ; for
 " sure

“ sure the gradations to it are imper-
 “ ceptible, now every impediment to
 “ it is removed, and the very gates to
 “ *vice* unbarred and thrown open.”

Waldorf now appeared angry and im-
 patient, and the magician, throwing out
 his hands, as if in the action of throwing
 some one from him, exclaimed—“ But
 “ *now* I *cast* you from my thoughts,
 “ and *resign* you to the torrent of ruin
 “ that even now is rolling towards
 “ you, and will *soon crush* you under
 “ its weight.”

The hectic of a moment wandered
 over the countenance of Waldorf, then
 lost itself amid the gloom that lowered on
 his

his brow ; a spark of anger trembled in his eye, and he bit his lips as Zenna concluded the dreadful sentence.

“ But, father,” at last faltered Waldorf, “ you had something of importance—” he ceased.

“ Important, indeed,” replied Zenna, with violent emotion—“ Know then I am—” he too paused, as if repenting the discovery he was about to make, and altering his intention, he said—“ I am the Duke of N——, my real name is Frederick, but not Zenna ; but——Waldorf, do you not feel any emotion ?”

“ No,

“ No, none,” replied Waldorf.

“ The loss of friends, fortune, and
“ fame, through the vice and ingrati-
“ tude of man, forced me to be a ci-
“ tizen of the world ; I wandered in
“ search of knowledge, having changed
“ my name ; and the scenes I have wit-
“ nessed, have caused me to detest man-
“ kind. My wife, my darling Amelia,
“ was false to my bed ; I left her to her
“ fate—and her child, I gave to the
“ care of some people. When I re-
“ turned from travelling, the rage I
“ felt for my innocent child, whom I
“ at first thought was *not* mine, time
“ and reflection shewed me to be wrong.
“ I inquired for him ; but the cottagers
“ were

“ were dead, and the name of my son
 “ was forgot in the village; at last,
 “ his likeness to Amelia, and to my-
 “ self, discovered him to me in the gay
 “ world : I *found* my son, but I *found*
 “ him, a—villain.” Thus saying, Zenna
 struck his breast with vehemence, then
 darting through a thick avenue of trees,
 he disappeared in a moment.

“ ’Tis my *father*,” said Waldorf, in
 a hollow tone, “ his *voice* spoke to my
 “ heart—but a dreadful presentiment
 “ tells me I shall see him *no more*.”
 Painful ideas pressed on his brain, yet,
 summoning resolution, he flew to Lok
 to vent his griefs, and to seek for con-
 solation.

CHAPTER

CHAPTER XIX.

“ Devil ! contemplate thy victim ! ”

FROM *this* time Waldorf saw not the magician. No attempts to meet with him succeeded ; so that he at last conjectured Zenna had quitted the country, to return no more. The melancholy this event inspired, preyed on his spirits, and

and a circumstance, fraught with horror, at the same time took place, which seemed at once to verify part of the magician's terrible prediction. The success he had met with in his conversion of Helena, had encouraged him in further procedures of similar import. Millroh, and Lady Sophia, the Duke's youngest daughter, of whom the whole family were distractedly fond, unluckily had listened to the rhetoric of Waldorf—as he frequently was with them both, he had had many opportunities of disseminating to them his newly-adopted opinions. Millroh, who possessed some fortitude, strove to banish such reflections from her mind; but as she was superstitious and gloomy, they preyed on her in her lonely moments, though
their

their effects were neither so visible or instantaneous as on Lady Sophia: on *her* weak brain, doubts and fears operated with equal violence; ancient prejudice on one hand, and Waldorf's arguments on the other, distracted her; increasing gloom, and brooding superstition reduced her to a dreadful decline; wasting sickness preyed on her bloom; yet she preserved an obstinate silence on the cause of her disorder, till the reproaches of her conscience threw her into a burning fever and raging delirium, which discovered at once the state of her mind. Struggling reason was dashed from its throne, and the wretched girl became a victim to the tenets of Waldorf. The Duke too well knew that it was an irremediable misfortune,

fortune, and that Waldorf was the author of it; yet, while he cursed his own folly and madness for introducing him into the family, he vowed eternal enmity against him, and that he would pursue him to the verge of destruction. "Surely" he would exclaim, "he was sent as a scourge to my sins, to prey like a vulture on my peace." The real reason the Duke had noticed Waldorf, was from a hope of reforming him—through vanity 'tis true; but as his name for devotion and piety was proverbial, he proudly hoped, like a true catholic, to credit himself, by saving a soul and converting an atheist.

The unfortunate bigot found his hopes of fame and credit from the
Church

Church of Rome, not only frustrated, but his darling *daughter*, the *victim* of *his* pride and ambition.

Her solicitations for Waldorf were, however, so repeated and urgent, that he consented to them with a hope of saving her. For this purpose he was sent for; rage and grief distinguished his reception, and a torrent of reproaches were poured upon him with such violence, that nothing but humanity prompted him to remain. Horror and compassion overwhelmed him, when he entered the room of Sophia. The Duke's voice roused him from his torpor—"Devil! contemplate thy victim!" was the dreadful exclamation.

CHAPTER

CHAPTER XX.

“ They tell one of strange stories of heaven and
 “ hell.—I do believe they think me mad—
 “ Hark! the cannons roar—the dogs are
 “ mad—the moon looks on them with con-
 “ tempt.—I am furrounded by stars—they
 “ rain on me—they run along my face, and
 “ sparkle before my eyes—palm-trees shoot
 “ on my hands—my heart-strings feel on
 “ fire—”

SICKNESS, and long confinement,
 had worn her to a shadow. Horror

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and

and anguish pointed the despairing beams of her once-sparkling eyes, and the hue of death sat on her features. A sudden ray of thought darted through her bewildered brain at the sight of Waldorf. She waved her emaciated hand, and convulsively bit her lips. " 'Tis Waldorf," she ejaculated, " he comes to speak peace to my troubled soul." She then lowly articulated a few words, which appeared to be a prayer; then, checking herself, she again exclaimed: " To pray ! to whom, to what ? Hold ! God is speaking in thunder," continued she, with a start. " No, no, 'tis only the wind," she mournfully added. Waldorf here walked to the window, and put aside the curtain, when a sudden shriek from

Sophia

Sophia tore his heart with agony:
 “Darken the casements,” she ex-
 claimed, “the sun looks on *me* with a
 “frown; his hair is red-hot wire, and
 “his eyes are burning coals—it light-
 “ens—it pours rain—it is a shock-
 “ing night—how loud the thunder
 “laughs!—Is Waldorf out?—But, ah!
 “who madet hat fly?—It groans, yet
 “no one hears it; it dies, and no
 “one cares. The mirror moves—the
 “picture sings—sing on, then I should
 “not be deaf—my head swims—surely
 “I am dying.”

She raised her eyes, and a gleam of sudden recollection shot through them. She gasped with exertion; a crimson flush of pain left a sickly dew on her
 G 2 features,

features, and she paused in silent anguish. She seemed to struggle for ideas, and to cast off a weight that had settled on her brain. Springing at last from her pillow, with a short convulsive laugh, she said: "They tell one *strange*
 " stories of heaven and hell—I do be-
 " lieve they think me mad—Hark!
 " the cannons roar—the dogs are mad
 " —the moon looks on them with
 " contempt—I am surrounded with
 " stars"—she continued, with a look
 painfully loathing, "they rain on
 " me—they run along my face, and
 " sparkle before my eyes—palm-trees
 " shoot on my hands—my heart-strings
 " feel on fire—they are stuck with
 " thorns."

" Ah!"

“ Ah !” she added, with a shriek,
 “ the *sea* enters the room !” then,
 bending back, as if to avoid it, she
 cried, with a mixture of horror and
 disappointment, “ *God* will no longer
 “ protect me, for I feel the waves !
 “ Oh, how they beat round my
 “ feet !”

Painful shivers, and agonizing groans,
 now succeeded. The wretched Wal-
 dorf sunk half dead, at the foot of the
 bed ; yet, while she lived, nothing
 could tear him from the apartment, and
 the Duke was too wretched to force
 him. His sons were away, and had
 been, previous to this dreadful event :
 though they were *soon* expected home,

not all the threatened danger could intimidate him; he watched every turn of her features, and he himself prepared her medicines—but the suffering victim was too far gone. After thus raving, she sunk into a calm; her eyes were fully fixed, and extended to their utmost limits, yet her pulse beat so fast, that the throbbing pulsation could not be divided, but crowded together without regularity or separation.

Thus two days passed, the third came, and nothing but a faint respiration showed she yet existed; her pulse now beat low, and suddenly lower, till it seemed to recede. She was as cold as ice; her eyes closed, and
con-

convulsive shudders, at intervals, shook her passive form; but death, impatient for his prey, at last extinguished the lingering spark of life. The fourth day arrived—but the unfortunate victim was no more.

CHAPTER XXL

“ A weak mind must not be tampered with ; nor
“ dangerous doubts infused into a flimsy un-
“ derstanding : you might as well put a loaded
“ pistol into the hands of a baby.”

WALDORF, dissolved in silent anguish, quitted the house of mourning. The last words of the Duke were, “ Go,
“ murderous atheist, but think not to
“ escape ;

“ escape; I have sons who will tear
 “ your heart to atoms, and trample you
 “ under their feet.”

Waldorf flew to Lok—“ I have
 “ murdered Sophia,” he faintly articulated; “ even now her icy form is
 “ bathed in the tears of her wretched
 “ family; the innocent victim is gone,
 “ to return no more; her heart shall
 “ *never* beat again, nor her fine countenance
 “ speak to the soul—she is
 “ *dead*, Lok, and I have killed her.”

“ Moderate your grief, my friend,”
 replied Lok, with emotion, “ Death
 “ is the coward’s fear—a momentary
 “ hobgoblin, and the *wise* man’s jest.”

“ But a murderer,” interrupted Waldorf vehemently, “ varies his guilt according to circumstances.”

“ The man takes the hue of guilt from a concatenation of events ; different circumstances may render him meritorious, or at least not culpable,” was the reply of Lok.

“ Your greatest fault,” he continued, “ appears, at present, to be vanity ; it was that incited you to go to work, without regard to materials— Would you make a garment of *cobwebs* ? Then how could you expect to make Sophia a philosopher, or a determined atheist of a confirmed bigot ? A weak mind must not be tampered
“ with,

“ with, nor dangerous doubts infused
 “ into a flimsy understanding: you
 “ might as well put a loaded pistol into
 “ the hands of a baby; for destruction
 “ is sure to follow—with them, *doubt*
 “ leads to *ruin*; you should learn to
 “ avoid them—like invalids, they must
 “ be kept upon poor diet, as high living
 “ would occasion their death. For the
 “ future, only strive to convince *strong*
 “ minds, who will do honour to you
 “ and to themselves—if you have not
 “ infused your doctrines into other weak
 “ minds already, I should advise you
 “ to refrain from so doing; it is not
 “ *necessary* to make converts at any
 “ rate, for trouble and sorrow will then
 “ often ensue.”

“ Alas !” replied Waldorf with a sigh, “ I must now exile myself from
 “ my country, for I know I have
 “ many dangers to apprehend from
 “ the Duke’s family while I am
 “ here.”

“ And I, my friend,” answered Lok,
 “ will accompany you wherever you
 “ please to go. I am a man isolated
 “ from society, therefore to me every
 “ kingdom is alike.”

“ Just as fame and fortune smiled on
 “ my endeavours,” rejoined Waldorf,
 “ I must hurry away, and desert the
 “ shining prospect that opened before
 “ me—I came to Vienna poor and un-
 “ known ;

“ known; I raised myself, and gra-
 “ dually swelled into fame; but now
 “ my hopes are blasted, and I have
 “ the world to begin again, with a
 “ mind tortured with grief and re-
 “ morse.”

“ My good friend,” interposed Lok,
 “ you will find friends in France as
 “ well as in Germany; and fame and
 “ fortune will just as soon crown your
 “ attempts. *You* have no national pre-
 “ judices, nor any reason to prefer one
 “ country to another; you, like me,
 “ are a citizen of the world: a lone
 “ man, without *interest* to chain you to
 “ one spot.”

In

In fine, the arguments of Lok calmed the mind of Waldorf; a day was fixed, and *Helena*, the happy Helena, accompanied Lok, and the *still* dejected Waldorf, to the shores of France.

CHAPTER

CHAPTER XXII.

“ Let us vow, over the cold form of Sophia, to
“ tear him to atoms.”

IN the mean time the Duke's sons arrived. The icy form of Sophia had not *yet* embraced the silent earth ; and the Duke, with the savage grief of a lion robbed of his young, seized his
sons,

sons, and dragged them to the chamber where lay their ill-fated sister. A room hung with black, and illuminated with tapers, struck their astonished eyes. The Duke raised a velvet pall, and discovered the cold remains of Sophia, with an expression of horror on her countenance, that even the marble hand of death had not effaced. "Knowest thou Sophia *now*?" asked the Duke, in a voice like thunder.

The young men bent over her form, and tears fell on her pallid features:—
 " 'Twas Waldorf caused [this]," added the Duke, "his atheistical tenets were
 "infused into her pure and religious
 "mind—short was the struggle between
 "truth and error—reason was over-
 "turned,

“ turned, and Sophia fell a martyr to
“ the villain Waldorf.”

The Duke's eyes were inflamed with rage, and his soul appeared to fall in gall from his lips. His sons seemed bursting with anguish and painful emotions—mad anger raged in their bosoms, and they laid their hands on their swords.

“ Where is he now ?” they asked, in voices half choaked with grief and rage.

“ In France,” replied the Duke,
“ and, to complete our wrongs, has
“ taken with him Helena. This atheist
“ would murder our peace, and consign
“ to ruin another wretched girl.”

“ We

“ We will pursue him through the
 “ earth, nor cease until we revenge
 “ our sister’s wrongs, and plunge him
 “ to destruction,” exclaimed the malevolent bigots : “ and here,” continued they, “ over the cold form of Sophia,
 “ let us vow to tear him to atoms.” Instantly they drew their glittering swords, and waving them over the silent corse, swore to destroy Waldorf.

The eyes of the Duke now gleamed with dark ferocity, and a gloomy smile relaxed his muscles as he replaced the pall, and led his sons from the chamber of death.

CHAPTER

CHAPTER XXIII.

“ She used his principles as a sanction for vice—
 “ a free charter for licentiousness ; and at
 “ once laid aside every scruple.”

THE Duke had set spies on Waldorf,
 from the moment of his quitting his
 house, in order to discover all his
 movements ; by which means he had
 gained

gained advice of his departure for France. He had rightly conjectured that Waldorf would not remain in Germany *after* such an event ; and it now remained to be considered, *which* of the two sons should follow him and take vengeance : *both* could not go without hurting their interests in the German Court, where the youngest had a department. The eldest, therefore, took leave of his family, and set off for France : if the youngest was found *necessary*, when there, he was to neglect every concern, and go ; but even this proviso could scarcely check the vindictive enthusiasm of the young Count, so eager was he to join in the destruction of Waldorf.

They

They threatened him with all the punishment that their malevolence could suggest. The envy of his perfections, which *always* raged in their bosoms, added fuel to their *present* enmity, and augmented the gall that inundated their hearts. The bitter ebullitions of their malignancy drowned every principle of forgiveness, and every tender feeling was absorbed in those more ferocious passions, envy, rage, and bigotry. The rank superstition, and characteristic prejudices, that distinguish Catholicism, stimulated them to a height of frantic resentment, and the whole family encouraged the insatiate mania.

Thus

Thus encouraged, Count Zin frequented every public place, with a hope of meeting Waldorf; who, unconscious of danger, had recovered his tranquillity; and, in the company of Helena, and the conversation of Lok, experienced peace, and even happiness.

The powerful intellect of Helena was cultivated—a chain of reflections ran through her mind—but the knowledge she had newly acquired, had completely revolutionised her conduct; she wished to render it a path to pleasure; and she not only made inroads on *prejudice*, but *practice*. Her strong feelings bore down before all them, and she felt desi-

rous

rous to taste all that *unrestrained* pleasure which the freedom of her sentiments fitted her for. These feelings were not apparent immediately; her felicity had not palled; and she had no inclination to leave her present situation.

Waldorf did not imagine the conclusion she drew from his doctrine; he did not know she wished to render these tenets subservient to pleasure, or that she had temporized with her conscience, that it might lie at ease during the *now licenced* freedom of her actions—she used his principles as a sanction for vice, a free charter for licentiousness; and at once laid aside every scruple.

At

At present she was not inclined to adopt them to their fullest extent, as her enthusiastical love for Waldorf served to bridle her levity.

CHAPTER

CHAPTER XXIV.

“ He had *ever* accustomed himself to think
 “ deeply, nor gave a thought to the *dangers*
 “ of philosophy, or the *terrors* of deep reflection.”

THE influence of Lok over Waldorf was at present sole and uncontrouled ; no Zenna interposed his friendly rhetoric to lead him to reflection. Waldorf pursued the path of error, already

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strewn with victims ; his every idea, surrounded by a myriad of illegible impressions and plausible opinions, clouded the perspicuity of his judgment ; and his enlarged perceptions so indiscriminately admitted opinions the most absurd, with sentiments the most just, that his mind became a chaos of confusion ; all method or regularity seemed banished from it. A crowd of contrary impressions disturbed his imagination ; nor did he spare time to arrange them, consequently no benefit could be deduced from his ideas. The *rare essence* of intellect was indeed perceived amid the *dross* of mistaken and erroneous sentiments ; and his easy eloquence and fascinating manners, seldom failed of improving his auditors. He had ever accustomed himself

self to think deeply, without perceiving the *dangers* of speculation, or the consequences of propagating dubious opinions : his understanding was therefore powerful, though his doctrines were erroneous, and his opinions boldly original ; which, contrasted with the modest sensibility of his manner, at once found its way to every heart. No wonder then that Waldorf became a victim to his thirst for knowledge, and that his refined philosophy accelerated the destruction of himself and others.

Lok was more moderate ; he seldom attempted to make a convert : but *here* he was, unfortunately, the ostensible cause of all Waldorf's misfortunes ; from *him* originated a chain of guilt

and error, which not only affected Waldorf, but many others; “ *I* am up-
 “ right,” he would say, “ for the sake
 “ of being so, not from interested mo-
 “ tives of future reward *or* punishment.”

After seeing himself shunned in Ger-
 many, and idolized in France, he would
 express his contempt of popular opi-
 nions. “ How few, like me,” he would
 triumphantly exclaim, “ could equally
 “ withstand the contempt, or the praise
 “ of man! *I* have levelled all the bar-
 “ riers to vice, yet *I* am virtuous.
 “ Why then are my principles sus-
 “ pected?”

These arguments confirmed Waldorf
 in similar opinions. Helena would also
 listen, and devise future schemes of plea-
 sure

sure from every tenet which was inculcated; nor, like Lok, did she walk uniformly in one path, but, despising all medium and moderation, she sought only to make her *principles subservient* to her *pleasures*.

CHAPTER XXV.

“ Can any thing be *more* absurd than *such* a
“ man’s turning up his eyes to *heaven*, and
“ whetting his *dagger* on his *prayer-book*?
“ *What* religion do you call this?”

“ **V**ILLAIN! you have murdered
“ my sister,” thundered Count Zin,
springing on Waldorf, as he was return-
ing home late in the evening.

This

This accusation reddened the cheek of Waldorf. "Sophia was my ever-lamented friend," he replied, "and you are her *brother*, or you had not called me villain with impunity."

Without replying, Zin seized his arm, and drew his sword.

Waldorf struggled and released himself; then, inarticulately murmuring, "One murder is enough, and *he* is Sophia's brother," he, with a sudden spring, darted away.

Enraged and disappointed, Zin could not digest his overflowing gall; he again vowed vengeance, and quitted the spot.

When Lok heard this *new* event from the agitated Waldorf, he could not conceal his contempt.

“ I would *not* advise you to quit
 “ France,” said he, “ unless you hear
 “ more of this. Depend upon it, he
 “ will pursue you to any country. Do
 “ not, however, go abroad unarmed,
 “ nor, if possible, unaccompanied.
 “ Strange,” he continued, “ are the
 “ prejudices of mortals ! wild and in-
 “ coherent, as the visions of madmen.
 “ *This* fellow talks of *devotion*, and
 “ would pursue, to the verge of de-
 “ struction, a man whose sentiments
 “ were different to his. A Jew or
 “ Turk would be a subject of eternal
 “ enmity ; and pursuit, sorrow, and
 “ weariness,

“ weariness, would hunt them to the
 “ grave—and *then* the bigot would
 “ have done his duty. And can he
 “ *think* he acts rightly, when he injures
 “ an heretic; or that his actions please
 “ the Divinity he is taught to adore,
 “ when they are *marked* by violence,
 “ cruelty, and every diabolical crime
 “ which superstition can tempt, or bar-
 “ barity execute? Can any thing be
 “ more absurd than *such* a man’s turn-
 “ ing up his eyes to *heaven*, and *whet-*
 “ *ting* his *dagger* on his *prayer-book*?
 “ What religion do you call this?
 “ Loathsome to any who are able to
 “ judge between right and wrong. *Real*
 “ devotion consists in acts of humanity,
 “ not in offering *human* sacrifices at the
 “ shrine of the Deity.”

“ I am thoroughly sensible,” rejoined Waldorf, “ of the grief I have
 “ caused in the Duke’s family, but it
 “ was surely unintentional. He witnessed my anguish and remorse. He
 “ saw I made every reparation in my
 “ power, and that my constant attendance hurt my health and repose.
 “ Did I not exile myself from my
 “ country, and leave friends and fortune? What more can he expect?
 “ Why encourage his children against
 “ me, and drive me *further* into
 “ guilt?”

“ His vengeance,” replied Lok, he
 “ *swore* should overtake you. Remember, his last words were, ‘ But
 “ think not to escape ; I have *sons* who
 “ will

' will tear your heart to atoms, and
' trample you under their feet.'

" True then," exclaimed Waldorf
mournfully, " the day of vengeance is
" *yet* to come."

CHAPTER XXVI.

“ Shall I scratch *out* the word Heaven? No; it
 “ looks so like blasphemy—and yet I *think* I
 “ am an *atheist*.—Ah! if there *is* a God, can
 “ I hope for mercy after *this* ?”

IN the interim, Millroh, the forgotten
 Millroh, was struggling with a half-
 conquered partiality for Waldorf. Nor
 was that all; the melancholy doubts
 and

and reflections which *he* had awakened, but which she had, in part, diverted from her mind, *now* recurred with fresh violence, and almost menaced her reason: naturally of a disposition weakly conscientious, she suffered the most poignant anguish; she strove to reason, but, like a drowning wretch, her very struggles for escape precipitated her the further from it: in vain were these trials—she sunk still lower; her mind was bewildered, and a wasting decline enervated her shattered frame. Melancholy and superstition overwhelmed her; and death, in dim perspective, seemed anxiously waiting to close the painful scene. Waldorf, it was well known, resided in France; she therefore sent him a letter, to awaken his

his feelings and remembrance that she yet existed ; it was truly descriptive of her anguish, and spoke to the heart of Waldorf.

“ If she *too* should die,” said he, when he had concluded her letter, “ how can I absolve myself from having “ destroyed *two* females ? surely I must “ sink under such accumulated horror.”

A train of agonizing reflections succeeded, and painful sensations lay aching in his heart, till the voice of Helena roused him from the stupor ; and thrusting the letter in his pocket, he assumed a calm look, proposing to answer it the first opportunity. The melancholy epistle ran thus :—

“ Though

“ Though it is probable you have long
 “ forgot me, amidst the elegant com-
 “ pany you are in, yet I cannot for-
 “ bear hazarding one letter, to acquaint
 “ you I still exist, though my health is
 “ so precarious it is not imagined I
 “ shall live long: do not suppose I
 “ wish to awaken your pity, but I do
 “ not think I shall expire so tranquilly
 “ as I once thought I should—my
 “ mind is in the state of poor Lady
 “ Sophia’s—doubts arise, the more I
 “ reason—and though I call to mind
 “ those arguments you were accustomed
 “ to use on these subjects, I do not
 “ find them *decisive*, or able to calm
 “ my uneasiness: I am pale, melan-
 “ choly, and emaciated, and the faculty
 “ do

“ do not encourage me to hope for
“ restoration.

“ Pray do not think me prolix;
“ but misery was always an egotist
“ —I hear you have Helena with
“ you—

“ If then I should die, which must
“ ere long be the case, but for the
“ miraculous intervention of Heaven—
“ Shall I scratch *out* the word Heaven?
“ No; it looks so like blasphemy—
“ and yet I think I am an atheist.—
“ Ah, Waldorf! if there is a God,
“ can I hope for mercy after *this*?

“ But I swerve from the theme—
“ Should I die, do not accuse your-
“ self

“ self of being the cause ; for, though
“ you had not made me your con-
“ vert, I always fancied I should not
“ live long. I grow faint.

“ Adieu.

“ M. L.”

CHAPTER

CHAPTER XXVII.

“ The moon shone on his ghastly features, and
“ his gleaming eyes were covered with the
“ film of death.”

“ **COWARDLY** ruffian, have I
“ again met you !”

It was the Duke's son who spoke
thus.

“ What

"What want you?" asked Waldorf, vehemently.

"Vengeance."

"I cannot, dare not fight," replied Waldorf; "I never meant an injury—
"let us be friends."

"Forbid it Heaven!" thundered the Count.

"If then we cannot be *friends*," replied Waldorf, in a tremulous voice, "let us not be *enemies*."

"I will no longer parley with a villain," again interrupted Zin; "here is a pistol—fire!"

The

The blood of Waldorf was in a ferment—his eyes were liquid fire—he snatched the pistol. The place was lonely—the night advanced and silent.—Suddenly Waldorf cast away his pistol; a cold sweat suffused his face; he clasped his hands in silent agony; then convulsively articulated, “ Oh, “ no, I cannot fight—forbear !”

“ Not till your streaming blood facilitates my rage !” exclaimed Zin, with gloomy ferocity. “ Coward, ruffian, “ spawn of a prostitute,—fire !” he continued, with increasing fury.

Waldorf could bear no more: “ Come on,” he said, in a low voice, choked with rage. The Count fired, but

but the ball passed by Waldorf. He too fired : the pistol was charged with fate—it entered the heart of Zin, who fell, and, with a deep groan, *expired*.

The groan struck a three-edged dagger to the heart of Waldorf—a cloud of horror rose on his mind—the blood froze in his veins—his cold lips quivered with agony—and the icy paleness of death sat on his countenance.

“ A murderer ! ” he faintly articulated, as the crimson blood moved round his feet, “ Oh, no, it cannot be ! ” then, kneeling, he strove to raise the head of the unfortunate Zin, in vain. The moon shone on his ghastly features,

features, and his gleaming eyes were covered with the film of death.

“ Oh, let me fly from myself!” shrieked Waldorf — “ My voice is “ hated ; horror....” he ceased, and his fixed gaze, and maddening sensations, expressed the most dreadful anguish.

At that moment, two or three persons dimly appeared, hastening to the spot, alarmed by the report of the pistol. A glimpse of approaching danger struck on the brain of Waldorf—to be dragged, a murderer, amidst the shouting populace, to an ignominious death, awakened new emotions. He sprang from the spot, and darted along; but he had been already seen, and the steps
of

of his pursuers gained fast on him. At last he reached home: a violent ringing raised his domestics; the door was opened; he rushed up stairs, and sprang into the room, where sat Helena and Lok. "I am a murderer! I am pursued!" he exclaimed, "the Count is *dead*—I killed him!"

"Compose yourself," interrupted Lok, with emotion.—"Be calm," said Helena, bathing his hand in tears.

"Oh, that pistol!" he repeated with a look of wild horror; then, extending his piercing eyes, he said, "See how he glides along! how ruefully he looks!"—He continued following with his eyes the fancied vision. "Ah! they

“ they *come!* I hear them on the stairs!”

As he said this, a loud shout was heard—

“ He flew for refuge *here!*” exclaimed several voices at once; when the door was *burst* open, and their frightened servants, mingled with the populace, poured into the room.

CHAPTER

CHAPTER XXVIII.

“ The voice of gaiety shall, perhaps, torture the
 “ ears of the emaciated captive, who wistfully
 “ gazes through his ironed lattice, and sends
 “ forth his neglected sighs.”

HELENA flung her arms round
 Waldorf, and Lok endeavoured to re-
 concile him to his fate—but it was all
 in vain—he derived no confidence from

his innocence, and no hopes from the powers of truth or justice. He listened only to the suggestions of despair, and sunk into silent anguish. Lok was permitted to attend him to the prison, but not to enter it, being too late to obtain leave from the Governor. He was cast into a subterraneous dungeon—dark, damp, and wretched in every respect that could inspire horror. A bundle of straw, the *bed* of some former captive, who had recently fought, in the grave, an asylum from his persecutors, offered him a more eligible situation than the cold earth; there he threw himself, and a burst of tears relieved his manly breast; a torpid calmness succeeded, and reflection augmented his grief—nothing could banish it. The pale countenance of Zin rose
on

on his mind, and inflamed it to the highest pitch, until, spent and wearied, he sunk into a slumber, which continued until the loud clanking of chains echoed along the dreary walls. He started from his miserable bed, and listened with horror to the sound—it jarred every nerve—it thrilled his soul. “ By
 “ what right,” he exclaimed, “ has
 “ man arrogated to himself a power to
 “ tyrannize over his fellow-creatures ;
 “ to cloud their prospects, to dash their
 “ hopes, and sink them to melancholy
 “ and despair ? Through these massy
 “ walls, the cries of misery can never
 “ penetrate the ear of justice : the ty-
 “ rant may satiate his vengeance with
 “ impunity ; for no more than the voice
 “ of the beetle arrests the foot that
 I 2 “ crushes

“ crushes it, does the sigh of the
 “ victim arrest the hand of oppression.
 “ —Here cruelty and death are tri-
 “ umphant. In vain they shake their
 “ fetters—in vain they groan: this
 “ grave of hope and joy strikes no pas-
 “ senger with grief—the steps of mirth
 “ dance round its walls; and the re-
 “ membrance of gaiety augments the
 “ bitterness of the emaciated captive,
 “ while he wistfully gazes through his
 “ ironed lattice, and sends forth his neg-
 “ lected sighs.”

The entrance of his gaoler ended the
 soliloquy; he laid some coarse provi-
 sions on the ground, and was going,
 when Waldorf, springing up, besought
 him to stop, “ to admit his friends:”

“ I have

"I have nothing to do with it," he replied, and withdrew. Habitual ferocity dwelt on his brow; distrust and suspicion pointed the piercing rays of his wandering eyes. "How callous, how *fit* for his office!" emphatically exclaimed Waldorf.

Again the gate was unbarred, and Helena sprang into his arms. When the first emotions of joy were over, Lok, who had also accompanied her, began on the dreaded subject of Count Zin.

"Forbear," said Waldorf; "I cannot bear my thoughts—I shall go mad, if I talk of it."

" 'Tis necessary to arrange your future intentions," replied Lok; " a court of justice *will* be minute; I would not sport with your feelings, but—"

" Death is what I expect—but to *think*, is death a *hundred* times over," returned Waldorf with vehemence.

" *Those* are *ideal* deaths—the visions of fancy," interrupted Lok. " Could you prevail on yourself to relate the circumstances of the horrid event, I could interest the first people of France in your favour, and your *life* might then be out of danger."

" Life !"

“ Life !” interrupted Waldorf, “ I
“ want not life ; let me die in peace.”

“ This,” replied Lok, “ is but a
“ madman’s rhapsody. When despon-
“ dency subsides, you will view death in
“ a different light.” Here the persua-
sions of Helena were not wanted : hers
was a kind of eloquence that proved
effectual, and Waldorf entered on the
dreaded particulars.

“ It does not appear to *me*,” said
Lok, when he had concluded, “ that
“ your predicament is either dangerous
“ or culpable : it should seem that
“ the malignancy of your fate, and *not*
“ the corruptness of your principles, is
“ the cause of your perpetual anxieties.

“ Certainly a concatenation of guilty
 “ events are doomed to follow you,
 “ though your conduct is ever so praise-
 “ worthy. But why do you not *rise*,
 “ and fight boldly *against* the storm,
 “ rather than *sink* under its pressure?
 “ *Despair* should ever be avoided; and
 “ the more horrid our situation, the
 “ more we should call forth the powers
 “ of the mind to support us. It ap-
 “ pears that you were *dragged* into the
 “ path of guilt—like a bird, you were
 “ *surprised* into the snare, ere you had
 “ seen it—here, at *least*, you could not
 “ have been criminal, and I fancy you
 “ may consider your case not very dan-
 “ gerous. All that can be done, I
 “ will do, and think I can assure you
 “ of success; in the mean time, recall
 “ your

“ your spirits, and do not prostitute
 “ your faculties to the prejudices of
 “ the world, so far as to fancy
 “ yourself guiltier than you are, but
 “ throw every weight off your mind,
 “ and trust to me.” As Lok concluded,
 he pressed the hand of Waldorf, and
 affectionately smiled.

“ My best friend! my kind consoler!”
 exclaimed Waldorf, returning the pres-
 sure, while Helena beamed forth a smile,
 which *he* involuntarily returned.

CHAPTER XXIX.

“ I can but regard myself as an incendiary,
 “ murdering the peace of families.”

COUNT ZIN, ere he left Germany, to execute his murderous intent, had proposed to change his name, conceal his rank, and to dismiss his attendants, that his arrival in France might neither be known, nor even suspected:
 for

for had he succeeded in the destruction of Waldorf, he would then have been in no danger, but might have returned to Germany unknown, and *protected*, by his assumed obscurity, from the punishment of justice.

Accordingly, he had assumed the name of Kreutzer, and passed for a German of small fortune. He hired a French valet when in France, and lodged at an hotel, but kept no company..

With some trouble it was discovered *where* he lived, but his person was *unknown*, and no papers about him could give any information, as he had always behaved in a reserved, morose,

and dictatorial manner, to the people about him. He was by no means beloved, and it seemed the general opinion that he was insane.

In the mean while, every one concerned themselves for Waldorf. The most eminent among the Nobility interested themselves in his favour, yet he was dejected and unhappy. He considered himself as the destroyer of the Duke's family. After being received with kindness and hospitality, "It is
 "I," he would say, "who have de-
 "stroyed his two darling children.
 "How wretched have I made him!
 "Surely he *too* will now sink to the
 "grave."

Zin

Zin had written once or twice to the Duke for money to be remitted, and to relate his ill success, which he hoped would not continue; but as no regular or frequent correspondence was carried on, the Duke, as yet, was neither alarmed nor surprised at his silence.

No one, therefore, irritated the prosecution against Waldorf; and his friends found little difficulty in procuring his liberty, to the general joy and satisfaction.

Waldorf *alone* appeared miserable; neither the smiles of Helena, nor the eloquence of Lok, could detach him from melancholy reflections.

“ It

"It is impossible," he would say,
 "to be happy. I can but regard my-
 "self as an incendiary, murdering the
 "peace of families. Justice is cheated
 "of its victim, since I escape with
 "life to drag on a loathsome exist-
 "ence."

To divert him from this melancholy,
 Lok proposed to quit France, which
 indeed he supposed would shortly be
 a very dangerous residence, as the
 Duke must discover the death of his
 son, and consequently either send
 or come to inform himself of every
 circumstance, and to seek for retri-
 bution.

Helena

Helena saw their circumstances in the same point of view, and urged him speedily to quit the country.

Waldorf, however, took no interest in their measures, but sunk into a state of apathy.

Lok, therefore, made every requisite preparation; and Waldorf, without either consenting or resisting, was conveyed to a chaise, and, a few days after his emancipation, found himself on the way to Spain, where they shortly arrived.

Here, in a placid retreat, shaded from the road by spreading cork-trees, Waldorf sought for tranquillity. All around him was quiet and serene. The
conversation

conversation of Lok was used to draw him from the soft melancholy that appeared likely to settle on his spirits, and undermine his health. The sorrow of his mind was gradually mellowed into a tranquil calm, and the sensibility of his soul banished far from him the giddy mirth, too often the companion of youth.

CHAPTER XXX.

" *Action* is the soul of existence, but *inactivity* is
 " the lethargy of the mind."

THE silent uniformity which distinguished the house of Waldorf, soon wearied the active disposition of Helena. Disgusted with such stoical tranquillity, she sought in vain for amusement,
 when,

when, like Waldorf, she employed herself in agriculture, in watering the fragrant shrubs, in supporting the luxuriant vines, or in tending the young lime-plants, as they sought to entwine their branches with the parent trees. She felt wearied and unentertained—the dusky cork-trees that rustled in the wind were answered by her sighs—the novelty of her situation *palled*—and the company of Waldorf reconciled her but little to it. Lassitude and indolence relaxed the powers of her mind, and she rather endured than wished for existence. “Surely,” she would think, “the chance of *misery*, in the busy world, is preferable to this sleepy tranquillity. Why is the unrestrained faculty of the mind free from arbitrary laws,

" laws, if it is to be confined to so
 " small a circle of objects as I enjoy?
 " Gratification is the soul of existence,
 " but restraint is the burden of life.
 " Every idea is then dormant—oblivion
 " is but for common minds—and the
 " swiftest evolutions of misery are more
 " supportable than the dull silence of
 " obscurity."

Thus argued Helena. Sophistry
 gilded her scruples; principle was the
slave of pleasure, and its aid was only
 requested to *confirm*, not to *contradict*,
 her inclinations. A specious argument
 could act on her conscience as an
 opiate, and her head and heart seemed
 to have compromised. The philoso-
 phical chicane of the first *removed* scrup-
 les,

ples, while the latter *sought* pleasures, so well vindicated. Thus refining on sentiment, reason became blinded by sophistry, and inclination ranged free and uncontrouled.

CHAPTER XXXI.

*"Dare not accuse me of ingratitude: this is but
 "the practical part of your own theory."*

CONTENT had already infused its
 healing balm in the bosom of Waldorf;
 employment gave a zest to his hours,
 and, accompanied by Lok, he cultured
 the

the fertile spot that surrounded his tranquil retirement. His softened mind no longer sighed for the bustle of the world; the conversation of his friend, and the possession of Helena, bounded his desires. *Her* unusual absence in a morning uncommonly fine, rather astonished him; but, as she returned home, and expatiated on the pleasures of her walk, all concern ceased: frequent absences succeeded, yet she declined being accompanied. "Contemplation and solitude," she would say, "suited her present turn of mind."—No particular event occurred; and day after day glided on in calm obscurity.

Some plants and seeds being one day necessary to continue their agricultural employments,

employments, Lok proposed going to the nearest town to procure them. Waldorf was to be his companion, and they set off in the morning early, intending to return in the evening. Curiosity would have detained them longer, but, fearful of rendering Helena uneasy, they hastened home.

Here the simple domestics informed them Helena had been absent since morning. Alarmed at such intelligence, Waldorf conjectured some accident had happened in her solitary rambles, and blamed himself for quitting her. Tortured with fear and doubt, he sought her in her favourite forests, and returned faint and dispirited to the house. The night was dark and tempestuous; and as
the

the loud blast whistled through the trees, he shuddered at the dangers she might be exposed to. Again he ordered every apartment to be searched; then wretched he sat, in gloomy silence, listening to her approaching step and tuneful voice.

In the interim, Lok entered with a letter he had just discovered on a table in her chamber. Waldorf broke the seal with trembling hands, and read—

THE LETTER.

“ Disgust and satiety have succeeded
 “ to love and ardor. I therefore quit
 “ you in pursuance of those principles
 “ yourself infused into my mind. *Dare*
 “ not

“ not accuse me of ingratitude, this
 “ is but the practical part of your *own*
 “ theory. Think not I mean to in-
 “ fult you ; I respect your feelings, yet
 “ would vindicate myself in your opi-
 “ nion, though it is, perhaps, *unneces-*
 “ *sary* to one of your consideration and
 “ habit of thinking. That I *have*
 “ loved you has been obvious—but
 “ that I love you no longer is equally
 “ so. To have *staid*, when *thus* in-
 “ different, would have been an offence
 “ to honour and inclination. After such
 “ confessions, I need not charge you
 “ to forget me. I go in pursuit of
 “ fresh pleasures ; for that end we met,
 “ and for *that* we part. My princi-
 “ ples and my conscience approve my
 Vol. I. K “ plan.

“ plan. Then cease to blame me for
 “ practising those tenets yourself in-
 “ stilled.”

“ Adieu,

“ H. S.”

Here Waldorf dashed the letter to the ground. “ ’Tis *done* !” he exclaimed ; then, clasping his hands with vehemence, he rushed from the apartment.—Lok took up the letter, and perused it with emotion ; a train of painful reflections succeeded.

A satire more dreadfully *just*, on the opinions which he and Waldorf entertained, could not have been penned :

it

it was an epigram on scepticism, *never* to be confuted ; every line was a dagger ; and, as Lok endeavoured to realize the dangers to which Helena would be subject, he could not forbear shuddering. The perversion of intellect, the terrors of sophistry, and mistaken philosophy, he saw, would accelerate her ruin. " Surely," exclaimed Lok, " our *theory* is faultless ; but, *practically*, " how full of dangers ! Like a sleeping lion, we must *view* it a distance ; but " if we once rouse it to action, we must " prepare ourselves for destruction."

CHAPTER XXXII.

“ Not even *you* ought to be witness to my ex-
 “ travagances; I mean to give a full scope
 “ to my *feelings*, to be a citizen at large,
 “ and to act for *awhile* without restraint.”

THE entrance of Waldorf, pale and
 aghast, disturbed the reverie of Lok.—
 “ Surely you will not, idiot-like, repine
 “ at

“ at the conduct of Helena,” said Lok, starting at his haggard looks.

“ Oh! I can never forget it!” Waldorf replied with an air of anguish, “ Any thing but *this* I could have borne: but Helena, the pride of existence, has chosen woe and destruction in preference to me; and I, horrible reflection! am the cause. Will fate never be tired of tormenting me?”

“ Do not,” interrupted Lok, “ suffer this girl to destroy your repose: be her fate what it will, you must not arraign yourself as the cause; her inclinations and corrupt principles

" I must for ever blame myself,"
exclaimed Waldorf in agony : " look
" on her letter ; does she not say,
" Cease then to blame me for practising
" *those tenets yourself instilled ?*"

" I know not what argument to use
" sufficiently powerful to silence your
" grief," rejoined Lok ; " yet since
" what *has* happened cannot be re-
" called, you ought to reconcile your-
" self *to* it, and render your mind as
" tranquil as possible."

Without replying, Waldorf shook his
head despondently ; then casting himself
on a sofa, he clasped his hands against
his forehead, and remained in a fixed
attitude—

attitude—a long pause succeeded; suddenly he raised himself—"I was in hopes," said Lok, in a gentle voice, "that you had forgot your sorrows in sleep."

"Forget my sorrows!" returned Waldorf vehemently, "what oblivious draught can wash them from my remembrance?" Tears started in his eyes—he pressed the hand of Lok, and hastily withdrew. Almost sinking with anguish, he sought the placid green over which the light form of Helena so often bounded. The tempest had subsided, and the full moon rose in silent majesty: he threw himself on the waving grass, while his thoughts re-

curred to Helena. Her frequent absences were now accounted for, as frequent visitations to some much-loved admirer; yet to pursue her he knew would be vain, after so much time had elapsed; nor if he *had* even flattered himself with success, would he have entered on such an enterprise, when she had confessed her *love* no longer *existed*. Surely not; his principles revolted at the idea. Thus was the night wasted—dim morning rose on his sorrows; and as he directed his eyes towards the misty hills, he almost expected to see Helena running from them—he rose from the ground; and as he passed along the shade, a lingering hope agitated his bosom, as he thought Helena would
 emerge

emerge from among the grove of lime-trees. Gradually his mind lost itself in a train of ideas, which imperceptibly rested upon *Millrob* :—*her* tender affections for him recurred—his softened soul dwelled on her slighted passion, and on her neglected sorrows—an interesting languor rose on his mind, and raised him to enthusiasm—he felt anxious again to see her. Millroh had ever implicitly followed his opinions, and had ever loved and respected him ; *she* had never wounded his feelings, but had accustomed herself to think him a being of superior order : yet he had forgot her until the conduct of Helena had humbled his spirit, and taught him the soft sensations of pity and gratitude for

the mild, affectionate, and unassuming Millroh.

He returned to the house with an air of serenity that at once pleased and astonished Lok. "You are, no doubt, surprised to see me thus tranquil," was the first salutation.

"Your own reason," rejoined Lok, "must shew you the fallacy of being otherwise—" a pause succeeded.

"To-morrow I set off for Germany," interrupted Waldorf.

"For Germany! are you mad?" exclaimed Lok: "Do you not remember,

“ber, the Duke and all his family are
“there? Do you think then to escape
“with impunity?”

“I go *disguised* and unaccompanied.
“even by *you*,” was the reply. “Mill-
“roh Litchstein is an old friend of
“mine: were I to see her, it would
“be some compensation for the loss of
“Helena. I have treated Millroh
“with ingratitude, which I now re-
“pent, therefore shall again seek her
“friendship. My journey will employ
“my mind, and a succession of different
“objects will banish my present me-
“lancholy.”

Lok was more surprised than piqued
at his resolution. “May I not, at

“ least, accompany you in your per-
 “ ambulations,” said he; “ I would
 “ not wish you to travel alone.”

“ Silence and solitude,” replied Wal-
 dorf, “ is what I most desire—not even
 “ *you* ought to be witness to my ex-
 “ travagances. I mean to give full
 “ scope to my feelings—to be a citizen
 “ at large, and to act for *awhile* with-
 “ out restraint. When my mind has re-
 “ sumed its usual bent, I shall return.
 “ Pray, dear Lok, for *once* indulge
 “ me.”

“ Fraught with danger as your plans
 “ are,” rejoined Lok, “ I will not
 “ oppose: prepare yourself a proper
 “ disguise, and be as cautious as possi-
 “ ble.”

“ ble. When you return, you will find
“ me here, and in the interim we shall
“ correspond.

“ I consent,” answered Waldorf ;
“ and trust to time for a restoration of
“ peace and tranquility.”

CHAPTER XXXIII.

“ ‘ Miserable man ! what art thou ? ’ he ex-
 “ claimed, as his foot crushed the purple vin-
 “ tage that ran neglected on the ground.”

ALONE, and in disguise, the melancholy traveller pursued his route. Curiosity prompted him to take a circuit through Spain. Ere he quitted it, the beauties of Lisbon tranquillized his
 mind :

mind: the rich vintages, and the luxurious gifts of nature—the temperature of the climate, and the air of serenity spreading over the scene—caused an emotion of content to pervade his bosom. From the port of Lisbon he proceeded towards the gates of Madrid, *through* the lonely wilderness of Estremadura. The mournful cork-trees waving to the wind, the rank grass, and a few squalid inhabitants, here again threw a gloom on his mind. Bustle, confusion, and a crowding populace, greeted him on his entrance to Madrid: it proved to be a celebration of the *Auto da fé*. The horrors of the Inquisition rushed on his mind: “ *This then* “ *is religion!*” he silently said, as the crowd

crowd moved along—he stopped his horse. “How many *suffer*?” asked he of a man who was eagerly rushing forwards to witness the torments of his fellow-creature. “Only three heretics,” was the answer; “even *now* they bind “them to the stake.”—The man was mistaken at *that* moment; they were driven along—three wretches in saffron-coloured vests, painted with flames of fire, and pursued with shouts, anguish, horror, fright, and dismay, legibly portrayed on their emaciated features. “Let them be burnt, for they are “heretics!” was the universal exclamation. They hastened towards the stake—the flames rose high in the air—dismal shrieks were heard—Waldorf
 2 turned

turned pale, and, shuddering with horror, he spurred his horse, and turned his eyes from the dismal scene.

Disgusted with Madrid, he made all possible haste to Castile. There nature profusely scattered her bounties; but pride, indolence, and poverty, defaced the beauties of the creation. The disregarded vintage wasted in the dust, and pent in gloom, indolence, and dirt, the wretched Castilians starved amid plenty. "Miserable man! what art thou?" exclaimed Waldorf, as his foot crushed the purple vintage that ran neglected on the ground.

The gloomy Escorial rose on his sight. His way was through a desert,
and

and desolation met his frequent glance. The Convent of St. Lawrence rose, with majestic steeple, above the tall trees that surrounded it ; voices swelled on the air—they sang an evening hymn.

Waldorf approached the convent—a troop of monks proceeded slowly from it—they had torches in their hands, the red glare of which guided the eyes of Waldorf to a coffin, borne along by friars—a solemn chaunt thrilled in his ears—it was the funeral of a young nun. The monks passed along, and Waldorf followed them with his eyes, till they disappeared among the trees. The solemn dirge still vibrated on his ears ; and, as the passing gale renewed the awful sound, painful ideas crowded

crowded on his mind. The funeral knell vibrated on his ear—sad and slow it fell on his heart. With a pensive chillness he threw himself from his horse, and left it to graze, casting himself on the ground. He listened, in silent melancholy, to the heavy bell. Dissolved in a kind of trance, he started when the chaunt was *renewed*—the holy fathers were returning from the funeral—they *passed* in sad array, till the walls of the convent shut them from the aching eyes of Waldorf—the glare of the torches again subsided—the solemn responses ceased—and the gates of the monastery were closed.

The moon rose, and Waldorf again resumed his supine attitude. The birds
 of

of the forest sent forth their mighty cries, the beetles buzzed in the air, and the glow-worms lighted up the hedges. "What a scene is *this!*" articulated Waldorf, "It is *now* I give full scope "to my feelings, and taste its luxuries "without restraint." Fancy again caused the voices to vibrate in his ears; again the chaunt rose on his senses. A melancholy-enthusiasm overwhelmed him, and a pensive languor reigned in his breast, till *sleep* imperceptibly wrapped him in forgetfulness—while the cold dews of eve descended on his face.

CHAPTER

CHAPTER XXXIV.

“ His thoughts almost drove him to madness.”

THE beams of the sun played on the eyelids of Waldorf. He rose to pursue his journey—the fruits of the earth, and water from the rill, was his repast—his horse fed by the side of him, and the

the milk of benevolence softened his soul—the sun seemed to rouse creation from the lap of nature—the flowers perfumed the air—the birds sang, and all seemed happy. Pale, wretched, and aghast, a miserable figure approached; spleen and discontent sat on his brow—philanthropy warmed the heart of Waldorf—he sprung towards him, and inquired the cause of his unhappiness.

He received a sullen answer—“ Are you in need ?” continued Waldorf. “ Yes,” the stranger sullenly articulated. Waldorf offered his ready purse. “ Do you not know that I am a *Castilian* ?” exclaimed the stranger, *pushing* it haughtily back. Waldorf strove to suppress a sneer of contempt, and hastily left

left him. Shortly he entered the delightful province of Biscay.—Nature smiled on industry—content seemed hovering on the placid cottages; and, after a short stay, he quitted it with regret. As he travelled towards the frontiers of Spain, he saw the peasants cheerfully singing to their labour—he passed through the villages—then, with a mind at ease, he prepared his disguise, and set off for Germany, where he soon arrived, after a pleasant journey.

So great was his impatience to see Millroh, he scarce allowed himself the least repose, but bent his hasty steps towards Baron Litchstein's house. The gaiety of its appearance seemed augmented—

mented—he was ushered into a handsome room, and suffered to remain there for a long time. The entrance of a person, inquiring his business, disturbed his solitude. Scarce could Waldorf recognize the Baron Litchstein, in the pale countenance of the man before him. The habitual air of craftiness that ever characterized his features, was still visible, through the jaundiced hue of his complexion ; sickness had injured his spirits ; and the sly tranquillity of his eyes, united to the deep yellow of his skin, rendered his appearance painful and unpleasant.

“ Is your business with *me* ? ” repeated the Baron ; while Waldorf, without answering, endeavoured to assimilate

late his fallow features to those of the Baron, which he still recollected. The repetition of the question met with a simple negative. The Baron's scrutinizing eyes were instantly fixed on Waldorf, without the least recognition of his quondam ward.

"Who then *do* you want?" asked the Baron.

"Lady Millroh," tremulously replied Waldorf.

The Baron heaved a hypocritical sigh; "Millroh," he rejoined, "has been *dead* near half a year."

The blood of Waldorf rushed from his face, and *weighed* on his heart; he pulled his hat over his eyes, and strove to repress the agony of his sensations: the Baron was leaving the room—"Yet one word;" he faintly articulated, "where is she buried?"

"Her *grave* is by the side of Lady Sophia's, the Duke's daughter; the *same* villain murdered both—and as their *fates* were similar, Millroh, with her dying breath, begged that their *dufts* might mingle." The Baron was silent, and then, waving his hand, stalked majestically out of the room, overcome with anguish.

The

The miserable Waldorf, almost choked with rising sobs, darted from the house—
 “ Millroh too has fallen a victim to
 “ *me!*” he exclaimed; “ relentless Fate,
 “ whither are you hurrying me?”
 Scarcely knowing where he went, he found himself in a lonely avenue of trees—it had been late when he first arrived, and night fell fast on the earth—he traversed the lonely spot, and gave way to his emotions—he called on Millroh, on Helena, and Sophia; and as the ghastly image of Zin rose on his mind, his thoughts almost drove him to madness.

Suddenly he resolved to seek the spot where slept the martyred remains of Millroh, and Sophia; he well knew where
 the

the *latter* was to have been interred;
 and as the same spot served both, he
 needed no new direction—but in silent
 despair he sought their peaceful graves,
 to shed over them the tears of grief and
 repentance.

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